THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. LII. No. 1341 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1956 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Americans, Asians and Arabs

SIR ANTHONY EDEN'S withdrawal at the height of the political crisis has brought home to the country the nature of the dilemma in which the British government has placed itself. Whether or not Sir Anthony recovers his health after a few weeks' rest, or whether Mr. Butler or another takes over leadership of the Tory Party, or Mr. Gaitskell becomes Prime Minister, the facts remain inexorable. Until Britain and France are out of Suez, no oil will come to us from America, and until experts from other countries than Britain and France get to work, no one will clear the ships that now block the Canal. These are the adamant decisions of President Eisenhower and Mr. Hammarskjold, acting on behalf of the United Nations.

In spite of the opposition of the Suez group, it seems impossible for a British Premier to resist such pressure from the U.N. and from America. We hope the government will not continue to dither on the brink of an unavoidable decision. Only if they decide to withdraw at once can they hope to save the pound from collapsing and mitigate the disastrous economic effects of a rapidly dwindling oil supply. The Suez group will have to yield.

With British and French forces out of Egypt, the task of clearing up the mess and laying the foundations of a settlement can begin. There is hope for the world in the arrival of even a small force of United Nations police. They are a symbol of the world's desire for peace and of its condemnation of those who take the law into their own hands. They are a symbol—but they have behind them the reality of American force and of all that vast uncommitted, anti-imperialist world which is led by Mr. Nehru. One result of British-French lawlessness and of our decision to ignore the United States is that President Eisenhower will not receive Sir Anthony Eden or his colleagues or M. Mollet until he has seen Mr. Nehru, who is due to arrive in Washington on December 16. A new and hopeful axis has been formed between America and India. On the issue of the Middle East they have found that they have much in common.

Both the American President and the Indian Premier know that Britain and France cannot now play any useful political part in the Middle East. Presumably they also agree in opposing British and French policy in Cyprus and North Africa as well as in Egypt. They know that the only hope of preventing the Russians from obtaining the dominant position in the Middle East that would eventually lead to world war, is for the Arab states to look for help and support to non-imperialist powers.

Here Asian leadership in the U.N. can be invaluable and Eisenhower may co-operate. American oil interests are powerful in the Middle East, but the U.S. has never attempted to exercise the political control that has embittered Arab relations with Britain and France. The Americans have an anti-colonial tradition which, in spite of dollar imperialism, still differentiates them from powers that have relied on conquest; they are also powerful enough to try to reach a *modus vivendi* with the U.S.S.R. They may still persuade the Arabs that American interests are commercial, not political; and the U.N. may yet prove ready to help the Arabs to use their own oil royalties to develop their own countries. Nasser will probably get the promised aid for the Aswan Dam. The condition is peace with Israel—a settlement about refugees as well as frontiers, guaranteed by the U.N.

Finally, both Nehru and Eisenhower know that any Middle Eastern settlement involves reaching an understanding with the Soviet Union. That remains true in spite of the Hungarian horror. Britain and France have at least temporarily disqualified themselves from joining in a constructive programme. If they clear out of Egypt swiftly, and show that they now appreciate the reality of Arab nationalism, they may hope again to be able to buy oil on commercial terms from countries they formerly dominated, and they may work their passage back.

Comments on the Week's News

Russia's New Proposals

The new Soviet disarmament proposals were not unexpected. They were designed, it is clear, to re-establish Russia's shaken prestige, particularly among the uncommitted Asian nations. Hence the acceptance of the Swiss Government's proposals for a new Summit conference, and the inclusion of India among the invited powers. Nevertheless, it would be unwise to dismiss them as mere propaganda. For the first time the Russians have accepted, in part at least, the Eisenhower "open skies" plan, and it may well be that they are genuinely prepared to scrap the Warsaw Pact in return for a dismemberment of Nato. They still insist, it is true, on the withdrawal of military units from all foreign bases—including the American peripheral nuclear airfields in Japan and the Middle East—and, in the present state of tension, this will clearly be unacceptable to the West. But some attempt must be made, sooner or later, to resume negotiations for a settlement in central Europe; and the new proposals, on their face value at least, appear to open the door. For this reason alone they deserve careful examination. Unfortunately, the breakdown of personal contact at the highest level within the Atlantic alliance means that the western big three cannot, for the moment, co-ordinate their policies. Meanwhile, Labour must make its own assessment of Russia's intentions. It may soon be in office with a wide mandate for basic policy decisions in the field of foreign affairs; and once the uncertainty about the shadow cabinet appointments has been removed, it will be in an excellent position to start rebuilding the shattered remnants of British foreign policy.

Gomulka's Triumph

An enormous crowd of Warsaw citizens collected at the Central station to welcome Mr. Gomulka on his return from Moscow. They sang the Polish equivalent of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," a sign that they are well satisfied with the agreement he brought back. They have reason to be. Not only has Russia reaffirmed the October 30 declaration, which guaranteed Polish sovereignty, but she has signed an economic settlement which even the Poles think is generous, so long as it is fulfilled. All Poland's debts—about 1,700 million roubles—have been cancelled to compensate for previous Russian coal purchases below the world market price; and, in addition, Russia will provide 1,700,000 tons of wheat, plus further credits of 700 million roubles for purchases of manufactured goods. The numbers and movements of Soviet troops stationed in Poland under the Warsaw Pact will now be determined only after bi-lateral talks. In future, tank "manœuvres" of the kind which took place on October 19-20 will be impossible—unless Russia violates the agreement she has now solemnly signed. But nobody in Warsaw thinks this is likely to happen. Russia, the Poles feel, has now decided that it is in her own best interests to have a friendly and independent government in Warsaw, rather than a puppet regime.

Second Thoughts in Asia

In the joint statement signed by the Prime Ministers of India, Indonesia, Burma and Ceylon the subject of Hungary occupied more space than Egypt. The caution that prevented Soviet Russia being mentioned by name was abandoned and the opinion expressed that "Soviet troops should be withdrawn from Hungary speedily and the Hungarian people should be left free to decide their own future and the form of Government they want without external intervention from any quarter." This shift in the emphasis of Asian official opinion has since been reflected in Mr. Nehru's speech and in the Ceylon Prime Minister's press conference. Fuller versions and pictorial records from Hungary have cleared up much confusion. Indian journalists also feel that if Mr. Bulganin's letter on Hungary even partly succeeded in allaying Mr. Nehru's first doubts, it should be published, as was his previous communication on the Middle East. And what were the assurances (to which Krishna Menon referred) Russia gave India about the removal of Russian troops from Hungary? Under pressure from Indian public opinion and convinced by events, Mr. Nehru has now taken the stand against Soviet brutality in Hungary which the whole world expected from him earlier, and which, even his critics feel, might have been influential in modifying it. Mr. Bandaranaike, who is free of any imputation of playing "big power politics," has forthrightly condemned Soviet as well as Anglo-French policy.

Houses Out of Control

True to form, the government is claiming that the rent increases under its new Bill will "only be little ones." But the official White Paper, giving statistical information on rent control, has enabled the Opposition to make some calculations of its own. The picture which emerges is an alarming one. The White Paper reveals that the rents of the 4¼ million dwellings still under control range from 5s. to 20s., giving an average of 7s. 9d. a week, exclusive of rates. They could be increased under the Bill by amounts varying from up to 5s. to over 15s. a week, an average of 7s. 11½d., or nearly double. As Mr. Mitchison pointed out in the Commons debate, this could put some £88 million a year more in the landlords' pockets. To supplement the official statistics Mr. Callaghan has been doing some research in his own constituency. He informed Mr. Sandys that the rent of a typical working-class two-up-and-two-down house in Cardiff can rise under the Bill from 6s. 5d. a week to 17s. 9d., less rates. It is not surprising that tenants' associations are springing up all over the place. As the Bill now stands, it seems that even if the landlord refuses to do any repairs, rents can still go up to 1¼ times the gross rateable value. The prospect for the 840,000 houses which are to be decontrolled outright is even worse and the middle class is joining the revolt. They do not share the Minister's confidence that the housing shortage has been overcome. The Minister's own annual report, published in October, admits that the housing problem is "still acute in some areas." In London alone the L.C.C. still has some 165,000 applicants on its waiting list, 53,000 of them urgent cases. Nor is the progress of the much-vaunted slum campaign very impressive. Local authorities are clearing some 33,000 slums this year, or about half the figure they should be reaching if their five-year plan, submitted to the Minister last year, is to be realised.

Alabama Judgment

The U.S. Supreme Court has now ruled decisively against the segregation of Negroes in public transportation. Some years ago, it declared that segregation in inter-state travel was unconstitutional—a decision observed in aircraft and through trains, but still evaded on long-distance bus routes in the South. The new decision applies to Jim Crow seating on local transit systems, and specifically to Montgomery, Alabama. The city of Montgomery ordinance, and the Alabama statute on which it rested, were typical of transport segregation in the South. Last December, Mrs. Rosa Parks refused to give up her seat to a white passenger. When she was arrested, the 50,000 Negroes in Montgomery began to boycott the local buses so effectively that the bus company has lost about $750,000. The Negroes, showing remarkable unity and discipline, created their own transport by means of car pools, and resisted all kinds of intimidation. At the same time they challenged the legality of the law, and in June a federal court declared that both the city and state law were unconstitutional. It is this ruling which the Supreme Court has now upheld against the appeal of the city officials. The legal victory, however, faces the Negro leadership with a difficult choice. They may instruct their people to call off the boycott and to ignore segregation rules on the buses. But any attempt to press this victory to the point of immediate common seating might be met by violence or at least a white boycott of the buses. How, then, can the Negroes secure enforcement of the Court decision, if the city chooses to ignore it? They may seek an injunction or civil contempt proceedings. But the question of enforcing the Court's de-segregation rulings is still clouded with uncertainty.

Wages Front

The N.U.R.'s wage application for a 10 per cent. advance has now gone to the Transport Commission, which is expected to reject it together with the Locomotive Engineers' claim for 15 per cent.—a demand designed to restore their wage differentials. This rejection, however, can hardly be the last word. Neither union is at all likely to take a refusal lying down. The busmen, whose case came up first in the present round of applications, have already settled for an advance of 5s. a week, first with the municipal bus concerns and now with the company-owned undertakings as well; and it is widely believed that this modest advance may set the pattern for the settlement of a number of other claims that are at present pending. Among these are not only the railwaymen's, but also those of the engineering and shipbuilding trade unions, which affect directly or indirectly several million workers in a wide variety of industries and occupations. The N.U.R., in its claim, puts the cost of living as a major ground for demanding an advance. Since the beginning of this year the official Index of Retail Prices has risen by about 3 per cent., making about 58 per cent. since the old basis date of June, 1947. A year ago the rise was approximately 52 per cent. During the present year it has been slowed down by the credit squeeze, which has helped to offset increases due to the withdrawal of subsidies and controls. If the new Rents Bill goes through a large number of wage earners will be confronted with a sharp rise in living costs. With this prospect in view, the unions will be all the less likely to concede Mr. Macmillan's demand for wage stability, which would amount in effect to taking a cut in real wages in order to help the government to play fast and loose with the country's resources in pursuance of its war policy in the Middle East.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

The U.N. First and Last

Our Washington Correspondent writes: American foreign policy essentially looks back to the *status quo ante*. This explains the "hands-off" policy with respect to Eastern Europe. In Hungary, for example, the only form of intervention favoured by the United States would be by the United Nations. But Russian control there is so complete that any U.N. activity could only be marginal. As far as the Middle East is concerned, Washington's prime objective is to keep the Russians out. The Administration seems to feel that the way to pursue that objective is to show the Arabs that America—not Russia—is their friend and supporter. To do this it is essential to demonstrate that America disagrees with Britain, France and Israel on the Egyptian question. But, at the same time, the Administration does not want to wreck the western alliance. Accordingly, Washington has been forced to take a number of contradictory stands and, because foreign diplomats are more out of touch with official circles here than they usually are, there is as yet no comprehension as to what United States policy really is. In fact, there is a suspicion that the Americans themselves have not yet defined their long-term policy—a workable truce is what they are seeking right now, rather than any general settlement.

The strain on the Atlantic alliance is quite evident in Washington. The normally easy and informal relations between the western embassy staffs and United States government officials have shown a marked deterioration in the past few weeks. The crisis in policy has created a crisis in personal confidence. The President has said that he is determined to revive this confidence and there is no reason—in this matter as in any other—to doubt his sincerity. With Mr. Dulles away recuperating in Key West, Mr. Eisenhower's personality is making itself felt as never before in the conduct of America's foreign relations. His approach is moderate, slow to anger, middle-of-the-road, always optimistic and idealistic. Ever since the Summit meeting of July, 1955, the President has repeatedly emphasised that war is unthinkable in the atomic age. In consequence, there has been a noticeable tendency here under the President's leadership to replace Dulles "brinkmanship" with a reliance on the United Nations.

There are serious doubts, however, as to whether such reliance on the United Nations can replace a defined and individual foreign policy. The equivocal attitude taken by the United States towards Soviet threats to send "volunteers" to Egypt is a case in point. To say that the United States would insist upon United Nations action, as the President and his acting Secretary of State, Herbert Hoover Jr., keep saying, is no answer. The Soviet veto would prevent the Security Council from acting, and since the Soviet and Asian-African blocs have more than one-third of the Assembly membership, prospects for its action are equally remote. Most observers feel that the United States would be compelled to respond to the "volunteers" with force, no matter what the United Nations did or did not do. But the President's failure to say so has distressed practically all foreign diplomats in Washington except the Russians and the Arabs. The President's special emphasis on using the United Nations gives the United States a moral advantage, but also creates problems in the main fields of American-Soviet relations. Whereas the United States is deliberately restricting itself, the Soviet Union maintains freedom to work through the United Nations when it suits her, and ignore it when it doesn't.

But, apart from his own personal predilections, President Eisenhower's reliance on the moral strength of international law is derived from his instinctive feeling for the temper of the American people. There can be little doubt that public opinion here is united behind a foreign policy designed to avoid the unilateral use of force. Interventionism and "liberation," which scared half the world only a short time ago, are dead issues in the United States of today. Always a slogan or two behind the times, American policy makers have now caught up with "competitive coexistence," perhaps a little too late. They are now fully conscious of the fact that a global war with nuclear weapons would be mutually suicidal to those participating. Under the leadership of President Eisenhower, they are determined to live side by side with the Russians without the resort to arms. Unfortunately, the Russians have apparently confused the American resolution not to be the first to drop the bomb with a *carte blanche* for them to make local sorties wherever they will. And it is true that, because American military thinking has been almost exclusively in nuclear terms, American foreign policy is currently inhibited from countering such thrusts.

America's friends here are sure that this paralysis is only temporary and that, sooner or later, even the kindly President Eisenhower will be forced to take a stand. In the meantime, official Washington apparently hopes that, if it does nothing at all, somehow the world's problems will vanish into thin air. Underlying the United States attitude at the moment are the hopes that the Hungarian uprising will have no sequel, that the Soviet threat to use "volunteers" in the Middle East will not materialise, that there will be no resurgence of Stalinism, and that we can all jog along in an atmosphere—be it uneasy—of coexistence.

Paris

Too Much Stability

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Guy Mollet failed to get Nasser; but he can claim one victim —Sir Anthony Eden. This was the conclusion drawn unanimously in Paris when Eden's "indisposition" was announced. Everyone here agrees that France took the initiative in the intervention against Egypt, and that it was on the instigation of Mollet and Pineau that first Israel and then Britain took military action in the Middle East. How is it, then, that while the British government is in real trouble, the government here still seems serene and unruffled? The main reason is undoubtedly the absence of an alternative combination. Nobody can hope to form a government without the Socialists; and nobody can collect a majority for a "peace" policy. In the *couloirs* of the Palais Bourbon, everyone admits that the expedition has been a national disaster, but nobody is prepared to prophesy a change of government, unless somebody can invent a rehash of the present governmental formula with, say, Ramadier as premier, and one or two right-wingers in the cabinet. But what good, they ask, would that do? For once, France is suffering from an excess of governmental stability.

But outside the Palais Bourbon the government is unpopular on all sides. The Communists hate it because it allowed street-mobs to smash up their party headquarters and the offices of *L'Humanité*. The right hates it because it "capitulated" to the U.N. and because it failed to overthrow Nasser. The voters who elected the "Republican Front" hate it because it hasn't carried out their policies but those of M. Pinay. Even among the Socialists, a revolt is being prepared by MM. Philip, Verdier and Pivert, who are collecting demands for a special congress of the party. Once again, in short, there is a yawning gulf between the *pays légal* and the *pays réel*. And beneath the feeling of hopelessness and frustration, a dangerous situation is developing. As so often before, people are talking about the need for a "strong man."

NEXT WEEK

Christmas Books

An enlarged number

Moscow

Intellectual Stress and Strain

Our Correspondent in Moscow writes: It is typical of the post-Stalin era that the Soviet people are reckoning the cost of the new international tension less in terms of bread than of liberty. The resumption of the jamming of BBC broadcasts in Russian early in the Hungarian crisis was widely interpreted as the first step back to the rigours of Stalinist isolation. Then, on the eve of the November 7 celebrations, there was an unexplained interruption in the sale of foreign newspapers in a number of cities and there were wild scenes at the kiosks in Leningrad when the Polish and Yugoslav papers eventually arrived.

Dismay, and an anxiety which became most acute when the text of Bulganin's "rocket message" to Eden was published, were mixed with a sense of confusion for which the mystifying methods of the Tass agency and *Pravda* were mainly to blame. Speakers at lectures on the international situation were bombarded with questions about Hungary. On several occasions their repetition of the official version angered the public so much that foreign students present were called on to answer, a role many of them undertook with zest. According to reliable sources, the discontent of rank-and-file party members at being kept in the dark was reflected in the results of elections to party committees and bureaux held at local branches on the eve of the November 7 holidays. A sharp, ill-tempered note was discernible in the tone which students and workers at some institutions adopted in voicing grievances. At one Leningrad college a discussion of the new method of distributing grants according to need—a progressive measure, in the opinion of most—ended by the students staging a demonstration in which they carried a picture of Gomulka.

It was, no doubt, to such youthful effervescence that Krushchev was referring at his Sports Palace speech on November 8 when he indirectly reminded Soviet students that if they did not approve of the regime they had no right to be studying at the expense of the factory workers. There was plenty of room for them at the benches, he said, and others were ready to replace them in college.

Are the fears of the intellectuals justified? Is

the process of democratisation going to be stopped? These are the questions everyone is asking these days, and none so anxiously as the scientists and technologists. The answers they have been given seem to have reassured them somewhat: the elaborate plans for international co-operation during the geo-physical year 1957, in which the Russians are deeply involved, are not threatened, and the foreign contacts which Soviet scientists have been establishing assiduously during the past three or four years will survive the strain to which they are now exposed.

As for the "leftist" swing in the arts—strikingly shown in the results of the new elections to the leadership of the Soviet Artists' Union, in the rehabilitation of Meyerhold's ideas in the theatre and in the admiration for Corbusier and Lloyd Wright among the architects—this could only be checked by a return to one of the most severely condemned features of the personality cult—the dictation of taste by bureaucrats. The journals continue to stress that the Communist Party can only do the country and itself harm by aligning itself with any single current in the arts, and call authoritatively for free competition between various trends and groupings. The whole direction in which thought in the cultural sphere seems to be moving is for a removal of the administrative hand, which, it is being pointed out bitterly, cost the public the best of its plays, ballets and operas in the mid-thirties (including Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk*) and led to two decades of stagnation. If any conclusion is to be drawn from some of the articles published in journals bearing the imprimatur of *Pravda* it is that there is no intention of returning to the heavy fisted methods of a Shcherbakov or a Fadeyev.

An interesting clue to the way people are thinking here is provided by the remarkable popularity of a novel by the young writer Vladimir Dudintsev, called *Not By Bread Alone*. No book published since the war has met with such immediate success. When the Soviet Writers' Union called a readers' conference reinforcements of police had to be rushed to the hall to control the crowds trying to get in (some people arrived with ladders and took part in the conference through the tiny ventilation windows). Similar scenes have been reported from all over the country.

The hero of this novel is one of those lean, suntanned, shabbily dressed men carrying their possessions in a knapsack that are to be seen stepping off trains coming from the East—rehabilitated victims of Stalin. Lopatkin was convicted because he was a man who refused to compromise with the whole set-up of time-serving bureaucrats, pseudo-scientists and egotistic representatives of the managerial class that existed under the protection of the Stalin cult. His life previous to his arrest for "betraying state secrets" was that of a public-spirited citizen—he was a lone inventor—who defied the "collective" because he knew it to be rotten, and who lived, often on black bread and margarine, with the help of other "under-dogs." When, in 1953, he is released and granted fame and honour he uses words that justify the title of the novel to assert his belief that Socialism is based first and foremost on ethical values of fraternity, truth and no compromise with evil.

This is the message which Dudintsev in his bold first novel flings at his hero's enemies, men who justify their disregard for humane values by claiming that there is no place for them in the process of building the basis of a Communist society. And it is this message to which millions of eager readers have responded throughout the Soviet Union. Their response is all the more earnest because they know from their own experience that the author is describing life truthfully when at the end of his novel he shows his hero's enemies still firmly entrenched in office and some of them even promoted.

Bombay

Asian Socialists

Our Correspondent in Bombay writes: Kyaw Nyein's warning to Asian Socialist parties not yet in power—that there is more in running a Socialist government than repeating slogans—came from bitter personal experience. Now deputy premier of Burma and responsible for economic planning, Kyaw Nyein told the Asian Socialist Conference here that in an attempt to avoid foreign loans and grants with political strings, Burma tried to get foreign currency by increasing the export of agricultural products. This led to the question of planned agriculture, for without increased production Burma could not go ahead with a Socialist economy. Almost at once, the Burmese leaders discovered how conservative peasants can be. Said Kyaw Nyein sadly: "We expected them to be happy after land reform." But he admitted that state plans for increased production left them "not as happy as they were before." Dangers of inflation then threatened the young government. To put this right it was suggested they should spend less, consume less, tax more. "But if we do this," said Kyaw Nyein, "the people shout and say that even the colonial power did not treat us so badly."

Socialists from Japan, India, Malaya, Burma, Nepal, Ceylon, Pakistan, and Cambodia, discussed these and other problems for ten days. In the end they came to the conclusion that they must wage an ideological war against Communism, which they now considered to be their chief enemy; must organize the youth, the peasants and the women; set up a school for training leaders, inaugurate a special fund to develop inter-party relations, and work more closely with the Socialist International and those European Socialist parties genuinely opposed to colonialism.

Because of the stand that the British Labour Party took about British intervention in Suez, the stock of British Socialists went up. But the atmosphere generally was difficult, and the Israeli delegation, always most active and helpful in committee work at this conference, had to move most carefully. A measure of their success was that the Yugoslavs, fraternal delegates and close friends of the Burmese Socialists, decided to walk out in protest against the failure of the organisation to express itself strongly against Israel's "aggression in Egypt." Sutan Sjharir's criticism of the Yugoslavs ("can you really work for the increase of freedom while you practice totalitarianism?") was not the cause of the Yugoslav walk-out, although Sjharir's plain speaking and the conference's stiffening attitude towards Communism may loosen the friendly ties of the past between the Yugoslav brand of Communism and Asian Socialism.

In leading the attack on Communism, Sjharir, a stronger, more enthusiastic, more definite leader of Indonesian Socialism than he had appeared to be for some time, made it clear at the start that every educated Asian believed there was not much difference between Communism and Socialism so far as a collectively planned economy was concerned. Believing that nothing but a planned collective effort can save backward Asia from continued backwardness, the Asian democratic Socialist, Sjharir argued, agreed with the Communists in the necessity for revolutionary haste. Where they differed was in method. Whatever the immediate material advantages of Communism, in the end Communism could only lead to spiritual and moral decay. Socialism's great task is to put over this argument to millions of terribly poor Asians, most of whom are aware of the sensational industrial progress the Communists are making in China.

Asian Socialism's record over the past three years has not been inspiring, and the Indonesian Party's poor showing in the general elections did nothing to help matters. Yet, despite recent setbacks, all the delegates seemed to go away determined to revive their own parties and to work confidently for the prospect of a Socialist Asia. Is the prospect so dark? Already Ceylon, Burma and Israel have Socialist governments. Japan may have next year. India, struggling with her Second Five Year Plan, may be forced to practise more Socialism after the forthcoming elections. We can hardly expect Socialism to catch hold in Vietnam or Cambodia or even Malaya, where there will be elections probably next year; but there is no reason why local Socialists should not try to organise real Socialist parties.

If the Asian Socialist Conference can do anything to help there, and also to encourage the young Socialist party in Thailand, democracy might stand a chance. For none of the Socialists in any Asian country can expect help in any form from the capitalistic West—even if this means the whole of Asia going Communist. Britain's failure to help Burma to become the beacon of democratic Asian Socialism is an example of this short-sighted Western policy.

Westminster

The Caretaker's Dilemma

The signs are that this government is irretrievably lost. It is generally assumed that the exhausted Prime Minister will not return to office; and even if Mr. Butler, as his apparent successor, could command a majority of his party—and the events of the next few days may show that he cannot—it would be a miracle if he could continue for more than a few weeks.

For though Eden has gone, the situation he created remains and it is a situation through which no member of the present administration can hope to find a way out. There is, first the dilemma of Suez. Theoretically, Mr. Butler can do one of three things. He can revert to the original Anglo-French policy of taking over the whole of the Canal and maybe extending operations into the Middle East oilfields; he can stay put in Port Said; or he can withdraw all troops in exact conformity with the United Nations recommendation. Consider the consequences of each course.

The unalterable facts are that the country now faces a cut of at least 20 per cent. in its oil supplies. How long this cut will last depends on how long the Canal remains blocked—estimates vary from two to nine months—how long it takes to restore any flow at all from Iraq by repairing the pipelines (the estimate is three months), how long it takes to restore the full flow by repairing the pumping stations (the estimate is about nine months), on whether the United States will lend extra tankers and increase her own production, and on how many extra dollars we can scrape together to pay for U.S. tankers and oil.

This, as we know, is to mean petrol rationing as well as a cut in industrial production. Overheads will then be more thickly spread and that, combined with higher freights and fuel costs, will raise our prices and cut our exports. Imports may drop, too, because of smaller oil imports; but a larger proportion will have to be paid for in dollars. Some relief from this dollar pressure would be secured if the United States agreed to waive the loan interest due in December. But Washington's attitude to British officials is at present repellingly frigid.

The U.S. will not agree to waive the loan interest, she will not agree to bring tankers out of reserve, she will not agree to increase her oil production, she will not agree to make any concessions about payment for oil in sterling unless either Russia determines to move into the Middle East or Britain agrees to move out of Egypt, technicians, troops and all.

If instead of doing that, Butler either follows the Suez group into further intervention, or stays put, he will get neither oil nor dollar help from the United States, the Arab world will combine to sabotage supplies from the Middle East, the United Nations will impose sanctions on Britain and the moderate section of his own party will revolt. It seems inconceivable that he will take such a risk, especially in view of his lukewarm attitude to the original intervention.

If, on the other hand, he completely accepts the United Nations terms—as I expect him to do within the next few days—some say he will receive the resignations of Mr. Macmillan, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Anthony Head; he will certainly arouse the implacable hatred of the Suez group. This, of itself, would not bring him down immediately since the Opposition would doubtless support him in his Suez withdrawal. But in its blind anger, the Suez group would, I think, disregard any party considerations and bring the government down on the first issue over which it could possibly side with the Opposition.

Moreover any Conservative Premier must now face the fact of moral collapse within his party. Any party will take some double talk from the government it supports; but the government's double talk on its reasons for intervening in Suez has reached a point when Conservative M.P.s feel that the honour of their party is being tarnished. We were protecting British life and property? Fine. We were making sure that the Canal should be kept open and our oil supplies safeguarded? Of course. We were firemen preventing a fire from spreading, we were policemen separating the combatants? Well, all right—but not what we were told at first. We intervened to compel the United Nations to create a world force? By our intervention we exposed a Red plot to capture the Middle East? Look here, what is going on? Why if Commander Noble is right this week in saying that Ministers knew all about this Red plot before they intervened, did they not say so at the beginning and why did they allow Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, only last week, to suggest that the facts were not revealed until after the intervention in Egypt? The discontent in all sections of the party begins to simmer. It may well soon boil. For the evidence is now mounting to the positive conclusion that the French encouraged Israel to attack Egypt; and the evidence of Britain's collusion is sufficiently disquieting to warrant independent inquiry. If British collusion is proved, even if it should be judged "not proven," this government is done for. No professed fireman who gets himself suspected of being a fire-raiser can hold his position.

The Prime Minister is sick and, in his illness, no one wishes to pile over his head the criticisms which have already reached to his shoulders. But for his government and his party in *their* sickness there can be no sympathy or mercy. Their actions have so certainly set back Britain's economic recovery that further devaluation seems likely and a new industrial and financial crisis seems certain. Worse, at a time when our relative economic power was inevitably declining, they have, by their defiance of the United Nations charter, thrown away the moral authority which might well have compensated for our loss of economic power. And now it appears likely that all this was done not just in wrong-headedness to which, serious though it is, all governments are prone, but in deliberate bad faith. That dishonours not merely the Conservative Party but the whole country.

In view of all this it is now even being suggested that Eden, as his last act as Prime Minister, will offer his resignation and invite the Queen to send for Mr. Gaitskell! The argument is that neither Mr. Butler nor any other leader will be able to hold the Conservative Party together and that for technical reasons of supply Parliament cannot be dissolved and a general election called for some weeks yet. A more probable outcome is that, having withdrawn completely from Egypt and on an undertaking that a general election will be called in January, the Opposition will allow a caretaker government under Butler to pass the technical measures necessary for the continuance of administration and then dissolve. I hope that this will happen and that Mr. Gaitskell will not allow himself to be a caretaker prime minister even for a few weeks. Such a course might seem to saddle him, in however slight a degree, with some responsibility for the appalling economic and political quagmire into which the country has been thrust. Labour must be ready to go to the country uncontaminated.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Gathering Storm

THE government is in desperate trouble. Last week, this journal reviewed the evidence which suggested that Britain and France encouraged Israel to attack Egypt. We concluded that there was reason to believe that at least three British cabinet ministers—Sir Anthony Eden, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Head—were aware of Israel's intentions, that they took no steps to frustrate them, and that they may even have given them their active encouragement. We suggested that there was now a *prima facie* case for a public inquiry into the Suez operation.

Since then, fresh and powerful evidence has come to light. The special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in Tel Aviv confirms the report, which we published last week, that French Mystère jets, flown by French pilots, took part in the Israeli offensive in Sinai. Though the operational use of French planes is still not admitted by Israelis, this correspondent said that there is "no doubt at all that French fighter pilots took part in the battle," and adds that "the accuracy of the napalm bombing was an important factor in the rout of the Egyptian army." This last suggestion seems like an unnecessary and unlikely decoration on the evidence, which is otherwise complete enough, since the Egyptians have not so far complained, as they surely would, of the peculiar horror of napalm bombing. But the Israelis no longer trouble to deny stories that France played an active part in the Sinai campaign. They do not deny that France and Israel came to a political understanding, before the outbreak of war, that, in the event of the Security Council condemning Israeli action, France would employ her veto. They admit that French military technicians were present during the Sinai campaign. They even admit that French jets provided fighter cover for Tel Aviv and other Israeli cities from the commencement of the campaign. Asked whether French planes actually took part in offensive operations against the Egyptian army, they prefer, for the moment, to remain silent. But it is already clear that the Israelis feel no shame in having obtained French assistance for what they believed to be a justified operation against Egypt, and that they are not afraid, sooner or later, to divulge the whole truth.

Nor is this all. Last Monday, the *New York Times* announced that the State Department possesses evidence of joint British-French-Israeli military planning before the Israel invasion of Egypt. This helps to confirm rumours—which have been circulating in London—that the Department has come into possession of a cable from the French Government to the Israeli authorities, which not only proves the charge of Franco-Israeli collusion, but makes it clear that the British government was fully informed of their plans. The diplomatic correspondent of *The Times*, writing last Tuesday, states that American officials believe—on the basis of an authoritative (non-British) source—that the decision to co-ordinate action against Egypt was taken at the secret Anglo-French talks held in Paris on October 16. It now seems highly probable that the American government possesses documentary evidence which, if published, would prove beyond any reasonable doubt, that the British government—or some of its members—were informed of Israel's plans.

This accumulating weight of evidence is rapidly

increasing the demand for an inquiry. The *Manchester Guardian*, while suspending judgment for the moment, insists that the full facts be revealed:

> The government ought to give a full explanation at once. It should say whether or not it was apprised of Israel's plans and what its attitude was. In particular, it ought to explain now what happened when the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary flew unexpectedly to Paris on October 16. . . . For the sake of the Anglo-American alliance, it is vital that the government should prove its good faith—or resign.

This demand is no longer confined to newspapers. In a letter to *The Times* on Tuesday, the Bishop of Chichester refers to questions asked by Mr. Robens, in the House of Commons last week, about the October 16 meeting. He goes on to state:

> The charge about which these questions were asked may be true or false. But it is certainly believed by great multitudes of people, and needs a definite and detailed reply in disproof. With great respect, I appeal to the Prime Minister to give that definite and detailed reply, when he next makes a statement on the Middle East.

These sentiments are clearly shared by a great many responsible people in this country. Indeed, there are already signs that the government is deeply perturbed by this growing volume of opinion, and is attempting to make some sense out of the plethora of contradictory excuses for British intervention which it has poured out in the House of Commons during the last three weeks. Last Monday, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd was forced to admit that the evidence of a Soviet "plot"—which, according to Mr. Thorneycroft, was "uncovered" by the Anglo-French intervention—was already in the possession of the government on October 29, the day before the Israeli invasion.

This may prove to be the first crack in the dyke of lies. Meanwhile, the duty of the Labour Party is clear. Unless and until the government produces a detailed and convincing rebuttal of the charges which have been brought against it, Labour must use all parliamentary means to secure an official inquiry. And if the government remains obdurate, then Labour must not hesitate to carry the campaign into the country.

The Polish Revolution

I RETURNED to Warsaw after an interval of less than four months. I saw the same people, I stayed in the same hotel and I walked in the same streets. Yet I had the impression that I was in a completely different country from that I had known in July. This change cannot be simply explained by the fact that the leadership of the country had passed into the hands of Gomulka and of the men around him. A real revolution had taken place in the minds of the Poles, and not least among the Communists. In July, in Warsaw, people were confused and anxious about the meaning of de-Stalinisation, about the bloody riots at Poznan, and about Poland's economic difficulties. But they continued to believe that their system was fundamentally healthy and that the "Socialist camp with the Soviet Union at its head" could get its second wind if only it would rectify its "mistakes." By the end of October, the language had changed completely. The Soviet tanks which had appeared, first in the suburbs of Warsaw, and then in the streets of Budapest, had finally destroyed the myths of Stalinism.

At the same time uneasiness and uncertainty among the Communists has given place to genuine enthusiasm. For the first time in the history of Poland, Communists have been applauded at meetings which, unlike the prefabricated demonstrations of previous years, have been completely spontaneous. Such days leave their mark on men who have lived through them. The old Communist dogmas no longer have meaning. It is no longer possible for them to believe that the dictatorship of the proletariat, plus authoritarian economic planning, will create a Socialist society. Can the Soviet Union, which, in Russian national interests, doesn't hesitate to threaten or to use force against people in its own camp, still be considered a Socialist country? Finally, the Communists have realised that they can only count on the real support of the working class when they deliver the goods. The majority of Poles, and that includes the workers, don't believe in what they have been told for years is Socialism. How can they believe in it when a regime, which called itself Socialist, brought them economic hardship, police terror and ideological lies? They could see from their own experience that the words of their leaders did not correspond to their actions, that the columns of statistics did not reflect the facts. Every day, life gave the lie to official truth. On the other hand, the Poles have no desire to return to capitalism, which has already faded from their memories, and which is in any case no longer an alternative for Poland. The simple wish of the people is for "change," so that they can live freely and decently. There is an anecdote current in Warsaw. A child asks his father: "Papa, have we already built Socialism or are things going to get worse?"

These changes, so sweeping as to constitute a political programme, have been canalised by the new line of the Polish Communist Party. The Prime Minister, Mr. Cyrankiewicz, remarked to me that Vicky was wrong when he drew a cartoon which showed the Soviet leaders lamenting the fact that they had to rehabilitate *living* men. On the contrary, said Mr. Cyrankiewicz, the only chance for Communism in Eastern Europe, and in Poland above all, is that there still exist Communists who survived the Stalinist terror without being compromised by it. Such men as Gomulka, Spychalski, Bienkowski and several others can today face the mass of the workers without shame and they can give other Communists the chance of making up for their past errors. This is what happened in Poland in October, and it was because there was no Gomulka in Hungary that things there took such a tragic turn.

Wherever I went in Poland, and especially in Warsaw, I met people who told me frankly that the new popularity of the Communist Party and of Gomulka was due to their attitude during the "October Days." They put themselves at the head of the Polish working class to protect the towns and factories of Poland against the threat of the Russian tanks. And so today they have with them the great majority of politically conscious Poles. But such a credit is not inexhaustible, and the fate of the Polish revolution still hangs on its next stage.

What, therefore, are the chances and the plans of the new Polish leaders? Since he came to power Gomulka has proved once again that he has a great deal of political wisdom and a profound understanding of his countrymen. He knows that a revolution must feed on success, and that each day one must take new decisions which satisfy the masses. This is the only way to maintain revolutionary *élan* and to maintain close contact with the people. He has cleared out the Russian experts from the army and the secret police; he has greatly reduced the activities and the power of the security forces; he has normalised relations with the Catholic Church; he has come out for the creation of workers' councils in the factories; and he has officially declared to the editors of Polish newspapers that there are no longer any subjects that are taboo, that they may write about everything and criticise everything.

Every conversation reveals the results of this political change. In July, people kept asking me what my shoes, or my food, or my typewriter cost in the West. Poles were obsessed by their economic problems. This time, every discussion turned on political and even doctrinal questions. They were particularly anxious for me to tell them how different Communist parties in the West had reacted to the Polish revolution; and they also asked about reactions among western Socialists, above all the British Labour Party.

Unfortunately, I could not get any satisfactory information about the government's long-term plans and programme. One of the Polish leaders said to me: "At the moment we feel like soldiers in the front line, and under such conditions it is difficult to reflect on a far-reaching strategy. We have one very clear objective: not to lose contact with the mass of the workers. We have learnt from the bitter experience of recent years that the party degenerates when it is separated from those whom it is supposed to represent." But in spite of all the good will and the political ability of the Polish leaders, an outsider can foresee great difficulties. If Poland were completely free, the revolution could go far and expect great achievements. Yet, in fact, the hands of the Polish leaders are tied. Officially, Poland is still part of the Soviet bloc and it must therefore accept the limits defined by its position. In private conversation a Polish friend may admit that he has much more regard for Aneurin Bevan or for the NEW STATESMAN than for John Gollan and the *Daily Worker*. Officially, however, the Communist parties in Britain and France continue to be "comrades" while the non-Communist left is not. Poles may believe that the U.S.S.R. bears an immense responsibility for the Hungarian tragedy and that the men in the Kremlin have not really discarded the Stalinist way of thinking. But they are obliged to keep quiet about such things when, on three frontiers there are Russian tanks, and on the fourth there are Russian cruisers. In such circumstances it is necessary to limit one's political ambitions and ideological speculations for fear of an excommunication which, in the case of Poland, might well lead to outright invasion. Some Poles are already aware of this great obstacle which confronts them, and they recognise that the future of the Polish revolution depends very largely upon the success of the struggle against Stalinism in the international field. They are attacking *L'Humanité* and the French Communists for their attachment to Stalinism, but they present their criticisms in a form which applies just as much to *Pravda* and the party leaders in Moscow.

The second great obstacle for the Poles follows directly from the first. The economic situation is appalling. Polish currency is almost worthless—it is not possible to calculate what its real value is—and wages bear no relation to living costs. The deficit on foreign payments is so large that nobody could give me an exact figure. (The general estimate is that it is about $400 millions.) Stocks of raw material are low or non-existent. In short, in order to bring a little order into the Polish economy, it will be necessary to start from scratch, to begin by a currency reform and a new wage structure. Such changes must be reinforced by foreign credits, but here Poland is strictly limited by the monetary agreements with her neighbours and with Russia.

All these difficulties, however, do not mean that the Gomulka experiment is doomed to failure. The reception which Moscow gave to Gomulka, and the subsequent promise of Russian economic aid, suggest that the Kremlin has realised that it must come to terms with Poland if it is to avoid another disaster like Hungary. The information reaching Warsaw about opinion in Russia and Eastern Europe indicates that de-Stalinisation has had even more effect on popular sentiment than on the Communist leadership. If the Poles can stand firm, they can be sure that they will soon be followed by the other countries in the Soviet bloc. That is why it is wrong to say that the Polish Communists wish to separate from the "Great Socialist Family of the East." They wish simply to lead it on a new road, completely different from that of the Stalin era.

The Hungarian affair has not only strengthened the position of Gomulka with regard to Russia: it has also weakened the influence of the West on groups in Poland which are potentially "counter-revolutionary." Those who listened to the "Voice of America" or to Radio Free Europe, and who believed the West would support resistance, have today decided that the West doesn't wish to assist an anti-Soviet insurrection. There were some who yesterday were convinced that the United States would send an ultimatum to Russia which would drive the Soviet Union out of eastern Europe; Budapest has disillusioned them. Eastern Europe cannot expect liberation from America. To obtain independence and national sovereignty, to improve their standard of life, and to find their own form of Socialism, the Poles and their neighbours must look to leaders like Gomulka who listen to the voice of the people, and who know that Socialism cannot be separated from the interests of the workers and the nation.

Warsaw. K. S. KAROL

London Diary

LADY EDEN has made the best remark about her husband's illness; I can well believe that it has seemed for weeks as if the Suez Canal were running through their drawing room. Some who have observed Sir Anthony closely during these last weeks of great strain have noticed that he gave a remarkable impression of assurance in the early parts of broadcasts and House of Commons speeches, but that the effort not to break down before the end has been intense and painful. They have concluded that his doctors were giving him some useful drug, like benzedrine, which was apt to wear off before he had got through. The timing of his decision to take a rest suggests that Eisenhower rather than the doctors gave him the *coup de grâce*. One suspects that the 10 o'clock Cabinet left him with no way out of a very dark tunnel along which he was groping, and that by midnight the knowledge that there was no escape from the dilemma he had created for himself made him realise that he was tired out to the point of collapse.

* * *

"If you want to be immoral, go right through and don't stop half-way," said a friend who thought that Britain and France could have got away with it, if they had pressed on in Egypt. He under-estimated the risks. Apart from "volunteers" from Russia and China, there was already an embryonic International Brigade forming all over Asia to help Nasser; with Russian help it could have driven us out of the whole Middle East—and perhaps started world war. In Indonesia, 50,000 registered as wanting to fight on Egypt's side. The Masjumi (Muslim) Party instructed all its branches throughout the country to contribute "moral and material assistance." Indonesian workers in Sumatra oilfields refused to load refined oil on to ships bound for Singapore and Malaya. Pakistan's response was immediate. The Chief Nawab of Baluchistan, Mr. Bugti, offered the services of his tribesmen. The Azad Kashmir Defence Minister offered ten thousand volunteers. Eight thousand students demonstrated in Rawalpindi. The Karachi Awami League organised an Egypt week to raise funds for Egypt and to organise a boycott of English and French goods. A medical mission of division strength with doctors, nurses and supplies sponsored by the Pakistan Red Cross and the West Pakistan Health Department is due to leave on the 25th of this month for Egypt. In China, within 24 hours of Egypt's call for help, the government gave 20 million Swiss francs to buy material. The Egyptian Embassy in Peking received hundreds of letters offering help from students, workers, farmers and others. In short, Sir Anthony Eden and M. Guy Mollet have made President Nasser the hero of the Bandung world.

* * *

A letter by Sadie Morris published in this issue states the real case for Israel's military action against Egypt. It rests on the stark fact that Israelis believe that they were in danger of physical destruction. Theirs was the case of a man who shoots from the hip because he is himself threatened with a revolver. The fact of collusion with the French and, probably less directly, with the British, is from their point of view irrelevant; in a desperate struggle for existence they made use of the favourable opportunity of the American elections and the Anglo-French quarrel with Egypt. This journal has on many occasions emphasised Israel's grievance about the Canal, the injustice of starving Israel of equipment, and the grave danger of an Arab attack if no constructive political and economic policy were adopted in the Middle East. But the question remains whether Israelis were wise to confirm the Arab belief that Israel is an imperialist outpost. Israelis know that their future depends on persuading the Arab world to recognise her existence and that the Western powers cannot be relied upon for support. For this reason I still doubt whether Israel's resort to *realpolitik* was clever.

* * *

Tito has now been rebuked by *Pravda* for saying that Soviet Communism has suffered not only from Stalin and the cult of personality but from the system itself. I wish Tito had meant by this that the one-party dictatorship (defensible in the economic chaos and military insecurity of 1945) ought long ago to have been abolished and a free electoral system permitted in Eastern Europe. There has been no real danger of a return to pre-war semi-feudalism for the last seven years and more. The real test of Communism was whether, when the revolution was accomplished, the clutch of Communist officials could be loosened. But though Tito told me in 1945 that there ought to be, and could be, an opposition party in Yugoslavia, he has never in practice permitted it. He has agreed to a measure of local democracy in the factories and to the right of discussion inside the Communist Party itself. By way of showing that he means no more than this, he has now permitted the arrest of Djilas, an independent, undisciplined thinker, whose sentence of three years' imprisonment was suspended by Tito himself. Djilas committed the crime of advocating democracy, including a democratic system—that is, one in which an unpopular government can actually be thrown out. He advocated this all over the place, even in the American press. His arrest now, at the very time when Tito has bluntly refused to return to the Soviet camp, means that the contagion of Hungary's fight for freedom just over the border has alarmed Yugoslav Communists, who formerly thought Djilas unimportant. At the same time Tito's polemics with *Pravda* are also designed to satisfy the Yugoslav Communist Party, which immediately rallies as one man behind him if there are rumours of Russian mobilisation on the frontier or even of abuse in the Soviet press.

* * *

Everyone wants to do something for the Hungarians. If you want to demonstrate you can go to the all-party meeting at the Albert Hall next Wednesday evening. You can give for medical aid and relief—the convoys are now, it seems, getting through to Budapest under the supervision of the Swiss. You can give to one of a score of funds for refugees, and pick the object that most interests you. I notice, particularly, an appeal from the staff and students of L.S.E. for money to maintain a Hungarian student at the School, and another to provide scholarships at Oxford. Giving money is one way we can all compensate for our sense of anger and impotence when we hear of starvation strikes and, most of all, of deportations in Hungary. In the same way, many people who feel ashamed and guilty about our action in Egypt have written to ask where they can send money to help Egyptians who have suffered from our attacks. I understand that George Wigg, M.P., is collecting donations for this purpose, and money can be sent to him at the House of Commons.

* * *

Guy Mollet is still trying to stifle opposition in the French press. After calling up Servan-Schreiber, the editor of *L'Express*, as a reservist, and packing him off to Algeria, he has now picked on *Le Monde*. Unfortunately for Mollet, its director, M. Beuve-Méry, is too old to assist in the "pacification" of Algeria, so Mollet has had to adopt other methods. *Le Monde* is one of the few French dailies which is entirely financially independent, and it has often had to struggle to survive. At the beginning of November, Beuve-Méry announced that he would have to increase the paper's price by two francs. The next day, its offices were invaded by officials from the Ministry of Finance, and it was charged with "illegally increasing" its price under a French law designed to combat inflation. In consequence, the paper has been forced to revert to its original price and it may now have to depend for survival on individual contributions from its readers. It would be tragic indeed if this miserable and vindictive attempt, on the part of a Socialist premier, to destroy what is perhaps the world's finest evening newspaper, were to succeed.

* * *

It is a sign of the times that so great a figure of the Thirties as Dr. Juan Negrin should die with so little notice and so little controversy in this country. He was a big, I think a great, man, able, humane and brave; a distinguished scientist and a moderate Socialist, he went into politics only when Spain needed him. He became prime minister because he was the one politician able to do the job. He disliked his dependence on the Soviet Union and the Communist Party, but had no other effective allies. The British and French refused him even the normal aid legally due to a government. The Communists were powerful in Spain only because the democracies were appeasing the fascists. Later I saw

him from time to time in England during the World War, when he was co-operating with the British government, and occasionally in Paris. But I best remember him on two visits to Spain during the darkest days of Spain and my most vivid memory is an evening in Christmas week 1938, when we could hear Franco's approaching guns. I said: "At last the British Tory Party are coming round; even Winston Churchill now sees that your victory in Spain is important for building the alliance against Hitler." (Churchill had just changed his views about Spain.) Negrin replied, in a matter of fact voice: "Too late." He was right: Barcelona fell soon afterwards.

* * *

If it does nothing else, the petrol ration will do what no amount of pleading has done. Selfish motorists who block the streets of London and other large cities on their solitary way to work or shop will at last have to use public transport. Clearer streets, I hope, will mean faster buses and end wasteful delays for essential traffic. After all, we had one experience of this during the 1954 rail strike when incoming motorists parked near bus routes or outside suburban Tube stations. I am glad we are to be spared two of the worst aspects of rationing in the nineteen-forties: first, there is to be no "coloured commercial petrol." By 1947 this had an annual black market turnover of 47,000,000 gallons, with garages accepting surplus coupons from commercial operators, so as to build up a stock of coloured petrol and supply it to innocent motorists against private coupons, and thus getting a residue of private petrol for illegal coupon-free sales to regular customers. Secondly, the fact that the motorist can use his basic ration how and when he likes will obviate any repetition of one of the nastiest episodes of the war—the thousands of anonymous letters denouncing motorists to the police and the petroleum officers for wasting petrol.

* * *

Am I so conditioned that every time anyone talks about the dangers of smoking I automatically trot out Mark Twain's neat remark that "It's perfectly easy to give up smoking. I've done it scores of times."? But Mark Twain was not confronted with the figures that have just been published about lung cancer being 40 times as likely with heavy smokers than with non-smokers. The government, I see, is still pretending that we only have statistical and not "scientific" evidence of the relation of smoking to cancer. Sooner or later, I take it, there will have to be a national campaign; cigarette advertising will be as impossible as the advertising of a poisonous drug. In the meantime my advice to smokers who want to reduce the risk of dying of lung cancer is to brood upon the figures until they are frightened and then to get their doctor to order them to stop. They may then discover that they really detest smoking. That is one sure cure.

* * *

Since the usual unkind drawing of Sir Anthony Eden seems in bad taste this week, we agree with Vicky that his cartoon of Anthony and Cleopatra, drawn for the *N.S. & N.*, should not appear. But the quotation at the bottom is a classical comment, perfectly apt, and must not be missed. Look at Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* (Act I, Scene III), and you will find Egypt addressing Antony as follows:

> Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
> Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
> Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
> Like perfect honour.

Did Shakespeare foresee *everything*?

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

We owe [Eden] a deep debt of gratitude for safeguarding our precious oil.—Letter in *Leicester Evening Mail*. (D. Meager.)

It is a great pity that some of us—a few of whose names have recently been given a certain prominence—have gone astray in putting their faith and trust in the United Nations rather than in the God of our forefathers.—Letter in *Bournemouth Daily Echo*. (D. A. Edwards.)

In the shelter (he said) which he and his companions carved in a snowdrift, they had a line down the middle of the floor.

One side of that was the mess-deck for the three able seamen and the other side was the ward room for the three officers.

The line never meant anything except that when the men were on their side of the line they could say what they liked about the officers without the officers officially hearing.—*Bristol Evening Post*. (I. M. Hubbard.)

Part of the improvement scheme at the entrance to the Wigan Borough Police Headquarters is a handsome revolving door which has cost £400. Use of this door is restricted to the ranks of Inspector and above. A separate entrance is provided for Constables and Sergeants.—*Police Review*. (D. N. Hallimond.)

For thirty years the people of Sheffield have been unable to read the racing news in newspapers in the city's public libraries. Before the papers are put on display the staff goes through each one and blacks out all reference to racing.—*Manchester Guardian*. (Toni Wilson.)

Norden Conservative Club for Sale; cheap.—*Rochdale Observer*. (B. B. Jaffé.)

Criminal Court at the Last Trump

"Let's get this straight: you witnessed the attack
Then stabbed the Plaintiff briskly in the back,
Claiming your Metropolitan Police
Employ such methods to maintain the peace.
So—being in possession of a knife—
You tried (for Peace) to take the Plaintiff's life.
Did you not think your conduct somewhat odd?
Who made you a policeman? Are you God?
Were you impartial? Hadn't you an itch
To get possession of the Plaintiff's Ditch?
(In *Naboth versus Jezebel*, Me Ludd,
Your Judgment was that dogs should drink her blood.)
What peace was this that brought the world to boil?
Peace? Is that English for a Ditch—and Oil?
You say the Ditch was vital. I am shocked
To find *through you alone* the Ditch was blocked.
The Plaintiff hoped to make some money by it—
That was his interest: can you deny it?
As to the Oil, your murderous assault
Lost you a lot of it—and whose the fault?

"And now—strange afterthought!—the Court is told
Some other ruffian previously had sold
The Plaintiff guns and bombs and knuckle-dusters!
Me Ludd, we'll take his word, although he blusters.
But Eden's knives and guns and bombs you'd meet
In any house of Middle Eastern Street.
Why did he sell them? Were they not for fighting?
Then whom—and on what charge—is he indicting?
If arms were needed to defend the Ditch
What did it matter whose or when or which?
But even so the Court must wonder why
The Plaintiff failed, with such a large supply.

"Me Ludd, one man might teach this Patriot:
Probation Officer Iscariot,
Who hanged himself, Me Ludd—a sign of grace.
I urge Probation—in Another Place."

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Clean Fight

IT had been hard enough to get the nomination and the ward was a difficult one; Gunt is probably the poorest area in Liverpool or it was in the Twenties. Having earned the chance of being a councillor after years of soap-boxing, chalking, canvassing—nowadays you get put on the panel of candidates when you've only been a member five minutes—I did not relish losing it through Micky, my agent. All Micky was interested in was getting engagements to play his fiddle, it seemed to me. He was not even in with the parish priest.

Micky was a playboy, with a contempt for the niceties of an election. For instance—sending out my addresses. "Why bother?" asked Micky, swinging his fiddle case. "No one reads them—if they get 'em. Most of them get pushed down the grid by our workers and they spend the coppers you give 'em for fares on ale." I had taken a deal of trouble over those addresses. Micky was the same about public meetings; speaking never won no elections. Not in Gunt. "Leave it to me, Big Jim didden make me your agent for nowt. An' another t'ing. Elections aren't won hanging round committee rooms supping tea. Come along with me."

The main thing in Micky's favour was his car.

We drove to the district likely to support, on religious grounds, my Tory opponent, a local grocer named Titheradge, who was a leading hand in the Orange Lodge. His nickname was Tit and I'd had the notion of using the slogan "Tit won't give milk to babies." Big Jim vetoed it, not on grounds of delicacy but because, he said, "you must never take no connivance of the opposition."

In a pub near the railway yards Tit himself big, tweedy, florid, wearing a white stiff collar and a large brass stud but no tie, was drinking scotch at one end of the bar with his cronies and the licensee, a turncoat named Muldoon. Their drinks, scotch, gin, porter, lay along a shelf by the frosted glass windows with its arabesques of intertwined leaves and bunches of grapes. It was an old-fashioned and matey place where, normally, I would have been glad to come. A well-polished counter, a little brass gas-jet with spills alongside it for the use of smokers, big cast iron spittoons. Muldoon served us, with a scowl, but I did not think he had recognised Micky; he wouldn't know me even if he had seen the photographs (three for sixpence) on my election address in which I looked like an illustration in the *News of the World*.

Muldoon rejoined the Tories, who seemed to be telling dirty jokes.

We drank our scotches.

Over our heads and stretching along a beading running above the bar to Tit's end was a flapping poster "Vote for Tit. One of Your Own." He did have an advantage belonging to the district.

Micky had lit one of the spills and applied it to the poster. The flame ran along unnoticed for a second or two, then they all looked up and yelled while we were away, nearly taking the door off its hinges. As we passed the window along which the drinks were silhouetted Micky gave it a violent thump and with a yell "Dhrinkers of all nations, unite" leaped into the car and me after and off we went up the cobblestoned hill.

That was Sunday lunch time.

That evening we had a meeting in a schoolroom at that end of the ward. At the back sat Muldoon and some of his pals. Muldoon is bigger than me and I'm nearly seventeen stone and these others were hefty too. Squeezed behind school desks they looked very funny, as I remarked to Big

Jim when he arose to introduce me. Through the air came an empty condensed milk tin. We were glad to get out and into Micky's car.

But next night we were down at our own end which, up to now, had been apathetic enough. As I walked round I'd see my desperate looking features in a window here and there, but the women looking out of the glassless windows or sitting on the doorsteps, and the men, their shoulders rubbing my chalked slogans and idly swinging their dockers' hooks, let me pass without any acknowledgment. Years of dirt and poverty and the dole made them, I felt, care for nothing.

The parish hall, St. Imelda's, was packed. On the platform, flanking me with a rosette as big as a cabbage, were Big Jim—who had a big bandage on his head, though the tin had actually missed him—and Micky. Micky's lapel bore a Sacred Heart badge. He had been to Communion for the first time in years the morning before.

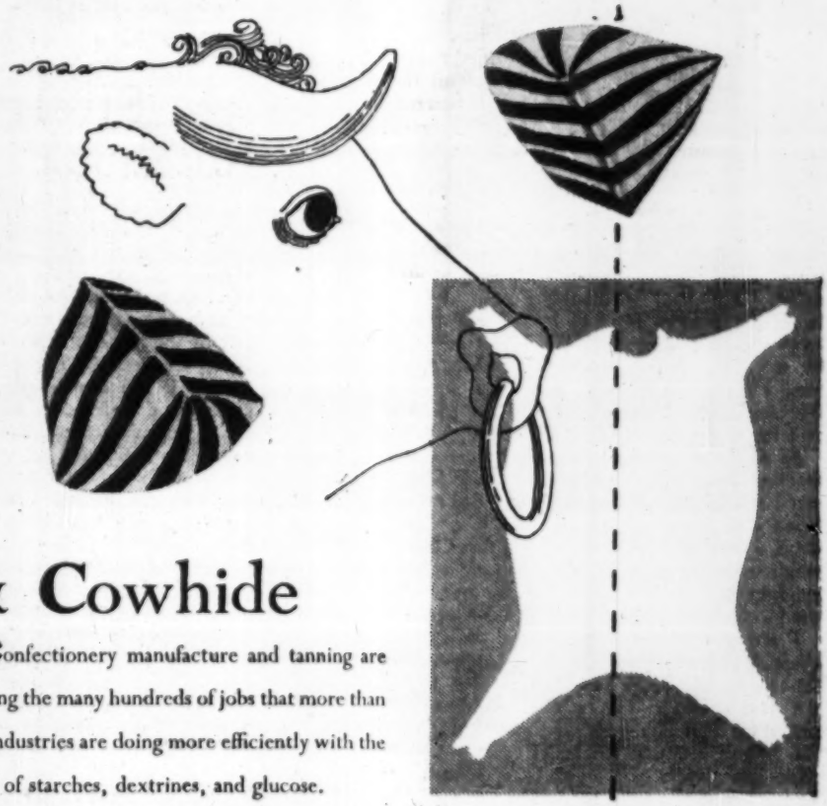
We did not speak much—just a few words about Orange bigotry. Then Micky took his fiddle and, starting with "Kevin Barry" and "Wrap the Green Flag Round Me, Boys," he led the crowd out of the hall, with Jim and me alongside him, and, mingling the latest jazz with old come-all-yes, took us right round our part of the ward. We stopped for a while when an old Mary Ellen hoisted her petticoats and did a jig. Big Jim was giving it out grandly in his deep tenor; he knew "The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door" and the rest word-perfect, the new ones he dadida'd. At last, on the top step outside Dr. Fell's, in a sudden expectant hush, while Jim and I stood with bowed heads, Micky went from the last shrill note of "The Boys of Wexford" into "Faith of Our Fathers" and there followed a long pause before the cheers broke out and the cries of "Good old Barny." (That was me.)

As I walked about next day the loafing dockers and the women about the houses hailed me cheerfully. I had now, outside school hours, a band of boys which Micky assembled for me. They preceded me banging biscuit tins and bin-lids, led by Tim O'Rourke, a tall, handsome lad with a perpetually running nose. The schoolmaster when I passed him one day muttered, "Bacchus and his Panic rout."

No more indoor meetings. At the few outdoor ones Micky obliged as usual. We ceased to canvass. I had come to agree, anyway, with Micky that such things were a waste of time. One canvasser had marked "Yes" for Tit's own house and "Doubtful" for a house where they had the dog set on him and threatened him with the canal if he came back. We were doing all right. There was every indication that we had Tit whacked.

I would, in fact, have been quite happy but for a sudden spate of activity on the part of the third candidate whom we had been ignoring, a little carpet-bagger, an accountant by trade, who called himself the Unemployed and Wage Slaves Candidate. He was holding meetings outside the dole office with great success. He had been loudly cheered during a lunch-time meeting outside the sack works. His picture was beginning to appear in windows, sometimes replacing mine. He had dozens of young and active workers, university types, all scarves and Oxford bags, and got round a good deal himself in a bright red sports car accompanied by a dark pretty girl, presumably his wife, wearing what Big Jim called a "minx coat." What I noticed, with only four days to go for the polling, was that the dockers and the women were letting me pass by again unnoticed and when my band went round the men took skelps at them with their belts and the women shouted "Shut

Bull's-eyes



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up, you likkle tinkers." Livingstone was the carpet-bagger's name, and it shocked me above all one evening to hear passing the committee rooms window the high treble of Tim O'Rourke,

Vote, vote, vote, for Mr. Livingstone
Throw old Barny in the dock.

That was Friday. Polling day was Monday. On the Saturday morning Big Jim brought Micky and me round to see the p.p. in St. Imelda's. I had hardly slept the night before and I had missed breakfast. The presbytery smell of incense, snuff, cabbage and furniture polish nearly made me ill. I certainly could not drink the large whisky Father Tom poured after he had quietly listened to all Jim had to say. Micky drank mine as well as his own and between them they both had him laughing heartily. Then, seriously, he turned to me and said, "I was born in Cork and a man came from there named Thompson who made Marx look a monkey. And do you know the *Rerum Novarum?*" I did indeed know the papal encyclical, but Micky answered for me, "No, father, but if you whistle a few bars I'll play it for ye," and they were all laughing again. Father Tom held my shoulder as I left and whispered "Don't worry."

At all the masses next morning he denounced Godless Communism and the atrocities in Mexico and let it be known that there was one of that breed now in the area and wanting to represent them, a man who not only declared that Catholic children should go to the same schools as other children but who had, to his definite knowledge, the picture of Our Lord's face on his doormat.

I was in little doubt as I drove through my cheering supporters and past the unhappy-looking Orange fife-and-drum band to the count at nine the next evening. Tit, redder-faced than ever, puffed his cigar among his supporters and ignored the fellows counting the ballot cards who held them like players in a tough poker school. My scrutineers kept taking sly ganders and making gestures of optimism.

When the actual counting started my piles soon out-topped the others by many inches. Livingstone only had about a dozen; "must have some relations down here" chuckled Big Jim. Yet when the returning officer summoned all three of us to discuss doubtful votes—three crosses or remarks like "Up Him" or "To Hell with the Pope"—and Tit waved towards me with a grin, Livingstone argued as if he had some chance.

He and the girl began to look white when it became certain he hadn't. After the usual speeches when we left, behind a still grinning Tit, to face our yelling supporters outside and to get into Micky's car to drive round the ward before starting on the whisky and stout already stored up in the committee rooms, I noticed Livingstone and the girl hanging back. They were afraid to go out. Micky took both of their arms and led them right through the crowd to a tram. (Their car had been mysteriously burnt the night before.) Before they left Micky shook Livingstone heartily by the hand and said, "Well, it was a clean fight." Livingstone and the girl said nothing.

FRANK SHAW

Fleet Street Notebook

I FIND it odd, and to my mind disconcerting, that the paper whose circulation seems likely to benefit most from the Suez Crisis is the *Daily Sketch*. Hard figures for the last three weeks are not yet available. But in October the *Sketch* benefited far more than anyone else from the rising demand brought by international tension. It put on another 21,000 circulation. The evidence, I understand, is that it has continued to do so. There are evidently a depressing number of readers to whom its mixture of crude sensationalism and slapdash right-wing invective make a rousing appeal.

It has taken over and greatly extended the original *Daily Mirror* technique of dramatising and personalising politics. It now employs it with immense technical skill but with a lack of responsibility greater, I think, than the *Mirror* ever allowed itself even in its wildest moments. Although its circulation is still only around a quarter that of the *Mirror* it has, in fact, developed into by far the fastest growing paper in the country. Lord Rothermere and the *News of the World* bought control of it from Lord Kemsley. Since then the *Sketch* Editor, Herbert Gunn, has exploited with immense, though to me sometimes nauseating, gusto a situation which had been crying out for commercial development for some time. The partnership saw, and set themselves to capture, a right-wing market for tabloid journalism which the *Mirror* had left wholly untouched, since from the very beginning of the Bartholomew revolution it was always left-wing radicalism that the *Mirror* combined with sex. The *Sketch* formula of cheesecake, sensation and extreme Toryism of the most old-fashioned jingoist kind, evidently strongly appealed during the Suez crisis to a public mood which those more rational in their political approach sometimes tend to ignore in their assessment of popular opinion.

After the *Sketch* the *Mail* seems to have benefited most in circulation from the crisis. This is understandable enough. The *Mail's* politics are far from being mine but it has recently developed a vein of robust Conservatism which is at last positive and challenging. This it combined—at any rate during the later stages of the Suez crisis—with a degree of awareness of some of the dangers of the Cabinet's policy which most of the rest of the Conservative press chose to ignore but which many Conservatives have undoubtedly shared. After a period in the doldrums some time ago it now seems to have established itself as the voice of a substantial body of right-wing Conservative opinion and to have gained in popularity from a considerable degree of independence. Both the *Express* and the *Telegraph* also gained in circulation during October and have continued to do so during November. But both did so to a lesser degree than either the *Sketch* or the *Mail*.

What is disappointing and also—although it perhaps ought not to be when one considers the last Gallup Poll figures—surprising is that so far from gaining circulation, sales of all opposition popular dailies fell in October. And although there has, I understand, been some improvement during this month, it has been small compared with the rising demand for those newspapers which supported the attack on Suez and said to hell with the United Nations. The *Mirror*, all in all, is having a good deal more difficulty lately than it used to have in keeping the circulation graph on the wall of Mr. Hugh Cudlipp's office moving in the direction that makes for a spirit of universal benevolence and good will in Geraldine House. It lost some 13,000 readers last month. This is, of course, of no particular importance in terms of the *Mirror* circulation. But it suggests that the *Mirror's* vigorous fighting attack on Eden's policies, however commendable in the public interest, has for the time being repelled more "fringe" readers than it has attracted. Moreover both the *News Chronicle* and the *Herald* lost readers in October. The *News Chronicle*, according to figures published in the trade press, lost 10,000; the *Herald* 5,000.

These are not large losses and certainly no more than any paper ought to be prepared to shed in the interests of political principle, but they matter considerably more to these two than do comparable losses to the *Mirror*. They are, moreover, significant of what seems to have been a quite definite trend during this period. In fact, although the government has had most of the serious informed press against it, the swing on the part of the readers of the popular press seems to have been, temporarily at any rate, in its favour. Emotion has had a bigger pulling power than reason and argument.

Right-wing politics served hot and crude seem in fact to be a paying proposition at this present time, even when crisis is not at the boil. The *Sketch* has put on some 70,000 in circulation since the middle of the year and it had been rising consistently even before that. The *Mail* has put on at least 20,000. These two, in fact, are now the pacemakers in the circulation race. It would be absurd to put this down entirely to politics. Both have been following a very vigorous promotion policy in other ways—the *Sketch* with a series of original competition ideas, the *Mail* with a policy of exclusive big name features. But that politics has something to do with it seems certain, for both the *Express* and *Telegraph* also show increases over the last four months. After the hard slogging in the earlier part of the year when all newspapers (the *Sketch* alone excepted) began for a time to worry about their figures, the right wing, journalistically speaking, seems to have got its second wind quicker than the left.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

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The Lime Grove Runner

WHEN Christopher Chataway's pleasant face first appeared casually on television screens, his name was already known. In 1952 he had broken Roger Bannister's inter-university record for the mile and, on the same afternoon, had dead-heated for first place in the three miles—a double which had not been achieved since 1890. Then he had run the 5,000 metres for Britain in the Olympics at Helsinki and, despite his celebrated fall on the last bend when leading, he had still managed to finish fifth. Viewers were therefore already curious to see him in close-up and what they did see was charming. Chataway showed the easiness of good manners. He was fluent without being brash. He was modest without seeming false; and his smoothness was tempered by an alert impishness which suggested that he and the viewers were having a little joke at the expense of the professional interviewer. This new personality was fresh and boyish.

Interest in him as an athlete continued to grow after 1952. With Chris Brasher, he set the pace for Bannister on that cold May evening at Oxford when the four-minute mile was broken for the first time. He himself broke the world record for the 5,000 metres when he beat the great Russian, Kutz, at the White City. Subsequently he broke the world record for the three miles. But it was no longer just as a famous runner but as the apparent epitome of what every mother hoped her own son might be that he was acceptable on British screens. No wonder that television soon lured him from the brewery where he had worked since leaving Oxford; or that, first through ITV and then through the BBC, he should be elected the "television personality of 1956" after barely a year in the business; or that, aged 25, he should be one of the best-known people in Britain.

In a sense, this success is typical of the television age. To achieve it, Chataway needed no special apprenticeship, no training in the art of timing, of gesture or of mime; for it is possible to be a television star by being one's self, provided one's self is sufficiently agreeable or disagreeable. But Chataway may become representative of his time for other reasons. Until the first world war, it was easy to predict the careers of sons born into well-to-do, upper-class families. One would look after the family estates, another would go into the Guards and the remainder would take to the church or politics. Nearly always they went through their duties with competent, if undistinguished gracefulness. They could afford to leave the sordid business of making money to the less well born. But, after the war, a family estate could seldom provide a comfortable living for younger sons and they, in turn, were no longer able to act as the traditional governing class by assuming dignified but unlucrative duties and positions. A bank balance became more important than a career. In the inter-war years, except for the few who were genuinely dedicated, young men were forced to believe that public service and public fame were secondary to the hard business of earning a living. Now, however, we may again have reached a period when young men, with no deeper convictions and no greater intellectual qualities than their 19th-century predecessors, will once again deliberately "go in for" a public career because they can find in television both a ready-made living and a catapult into the public's consciousness. Such men may find a useful guide in Chataway.

He is the son of a retired Sudan civil servant. At Sherborne he was averagely good at work and averagely good at games except that he found he could run better than other boys. At Oxford, despite the supposed handicap of having short legs, he continued to run better than others and enjoyed it, without being particularly interested in it. He did not study his body, as Bannister did. He liked the challenge of races; but running was for him a pleasure, not a science. It bubbled out of him so persistently that, even after running his own most strenuous races, he still had energy to run beside the track, encouraging others in theirs. But he had no intention of turning himself into a running machine. It would be untrue to say that he drifted through his time at Oxford—no man who became President of the University Athletic Club and got a good second in P.P.E. could be said to have drifted. But his life there developed no deep roots. He was a fluent speaker, but he never set foot in the Union. He joined the Conservative Club but never attended its meetings. Apart from an easy-going affection for his fellow men and a feeling that there really ought to be greater equality of opportunity, he had little political interest; and the evangelical revivalism which swept much of Oxford in his time touched him not at all. He was more at home in coffee parties than in churches or discussion clubs. Even his acceptance of the chairmanship of the National Boys' Club was due to a personal friendship with Lord Aberdare and not to the sense of mission which, years ago, drove undergraduates into welfare work in the slums.

But, for several reasons, he was not prepared to remain in the brewing business, moving uneventfully up the hierarchy until retirement age. Like most other people who experience it, he had acquired a taste for fame; and though it may sometimes be irritating to be recognised wherever you go, it is even more irritating, as any actor or politician knows, to feel that you may not be recognised at all. It is therefore probable that, soon after leaving Oxford, Chataway decided on a career in the public eye; and there was television ready to his hand. The easiest step would have been to become a sports commentator, but that would have lost him his amateur status at a time when he still wanted to run. Further, he wanted to show that he could win fame in a field other than sport and the fact that this might be harder did not make it less attractive. One of the pleasures he has found in running is the challenge of competition and,

apart from the accident of a low pulse rate and the fact that running itself is to him an enjoyment, his main asset in meeting that challenge is a disguised but real determination. In his glorious race against the seemingly invincible Kutz he might reasonably have been content with a meritorious second place. But on the last lap he made an almost visible assertion that second place was not good enough, and carried himself to victory by unadorned will-power. In the leisure which seems to go with work in a brewery, he used some of this determination to drive himself into serious reading. He is showing still more of it in his new job by the persistence with which he eventually extracts answers to difficult questions from evasive public men; and no doubt he will continue to show it until he has taken himself through the preliminaries of reporting into the weightier position of commentator, which is his immediate aim. His ultimate aim, without doubt, will be the House of Commons. The money to make this aim comfortably realisable will come not from family estates but from television; but the impetus for it, coming from a feeling that politics should prove an agreeable occupation rather than from deep conviction, is wholly 19th century. There is nothing wrong in liking fame. There is nothing wrong in a man entering politics because he thinks he will be good at it or because it seems a suitable career. Many 19th-century young men who did just this turned out to be painstaking and competent. Chataway, with his intelligence, good nature and sense of proportion, may well make an excellent Conservative M.P. in the welfare state. But what is particularly significant about him is that he is the first man who, having the inclination before he is thirty to treat politics as a career, is deliberately using the modern instrument of television to achieve it.

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War and Peace

TOLSTOY'S *War and Peace* is a world on its own, and the film is hardly that. It couldn't, perhaps no film can, be. In essence the screen brings reflections, impressions, a *collage* of what is and what might be. This is very far from the steamroller work of genius in question, which seeks to combine history, novel, religion, and reporting, and nine-tenths succeeds. Its faults centre upon the figure of Napoleon, whom Tolstoy not only detested—as you or I might—but actively nags, with a jealousy less and less concealed as the book enormously unrolls, until in the end (fault inexcusable!) we are plain bored. Oh why, we are driven to exclaim, when we arrive at that Epilogue which should clinch all, why go on kicking him when he's down, why flatten him more, with dreary homilies about the tides in the affairs of man and the unimportance of individual man—as though *War and Peace* itself had been produced not by Tolstoy but by some turning-over in the uneasy slumbers of humanity—why not give us Napoleon plain, without the lessons, in person and in act, to unravel for ourselves? Here, at least, the film (which will be found at the Plaza) improves on Tolstoy. Napoleon (Herbert Lom) is from afar admired and loathed, struts, strikes, wallows, waits amazed, straggles off home; and—here's the Tolstoyan touch—Kutuzov, foxy, do-nothing Kutuzov, impresses us more, in the person of Oscar Homolka.

The grandeurs of the campaign come in the second half. Austerlitz is there (Tilsit, barely); the wide screen is reserved, and rightly, for Borodino. If it hasn't quite the dawn astonishment of Tolstoy, it is a fine spectacle. Pierre stumbles about, the gunners laugh and curse, the Halma-like deployment of the enemy is horribly visible. The French squares advance, advance, advance; then when it seems too late they are cannonaded and turned, and between the retreating mob rides the cavalry, too quick and too many for the Russian artillery-men, whom we are just beginning to know when slaughter descends. . . . This is only one of several occasions when the film in its way seizes the vivid irony and compassion of the page, and for such we may be grateful. To realise Tolstoy, even a little of Tolstoy, is much.

But already the screen has done more. It has given us at first uncertainly, but then with confidence, a feel of "all Moscow"—that Moscow which is to vanish before the invader—processions, family entanglements, balls, the opera, the rumour of drums, and a small group of people—how small, compared with the novel's breadth, we may not appreciate till the film's over. The Rostov family, Prince Andrey and his wife, Pierre and his, these are roughly the extent. But, as has happened before in the cinema, everything depends on a girl; and Audrey Hepburn's performance as Natasha quite ravishes. She lights up at a uniform, recoils at the thought of death, dreads and then delights in her first ball, falls in love, knows separation, false love, and then the death of the beloved, sees the wounds before she flees Moscow, and returns to ruins, and to Pierre, the constant, inquiring friend. Tolstoy goes on to show her matronly, imperious, but still impulsive. The film stops short, with the lovers met, and it is a weakness that shocks at the time, and from which one gradually begins to piece together what should come after. Nevertheless, the effect of Miss Hepburn in Part I cannot be blurred: she is beautifully, entrancingly alive, and I for one, when I next come to read *War and Peace*, shall see her where I read Natasha. She in the first half, and the battle and retreat in the second, hold the excitement; and between them they manage to convey more of the original than I should have thought, in three and a half hours, possible. That is why I am lenient to faults, gaps, hollownesses which by comparison do not matter.

Swelling our pleasure are the grand Moscow interiors, the hill country, the dancers, the horses, the snows of retreat, and—one can't get away from him—Tolstoy himself, from his insight into a girl's feelings at her first ball and at a death-bed to the final text flashed up on the screen: To love God is to love life, and this isn't easy (not, I'm afraid, his words). Some trickles of inspiration have, in fact, reached the six adapters, King Vidor who directed, Jack Cardiff's camera, and not least Miss Hepburn. Either she understood Tolstoy, or—perhaps more likely—he understood her. At any rate she is the one for the part. Henry Fonda as Pierre has the advantage of being a good, practised actor, but, alas, isn't plump enough for one thing, and the film hasn't given him Pierre in the round for another. It slips into the mistake of pushing him—the brave but hesitant, the inquiring—closer to action: he offers to stand on a high ledge and drink a bottle of rum where Tolstoy only tempted him to sit; he assists the gunners in battle, and aims a pistol at Napoleon through shutters but doesn't fire. Still, as I say, this isn't a film I feel inclined to pull to pieces; it astonishingly outruns one's anticipation, implants memories, and determines us to re-read the original. So far as I am concerned, a film of *War and Peace* could scarcely do more.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Fidelio

WHEN, alas, will Beethoven's *Fidelio* cease to be topical? It is significant that the lowest point in the opera's reputation—say, from 1870 to 1910—coincided with a period in which its subject-matter seemed comfortably remote and unreal. Today's producer has in some ways a simpler task than his predecessor, though he must still tackle the petty faults of dramatic workmanship from which Beethoven never wholly freed his sublime central conception of heroism and love.

In the revival at Sadler's Wells, producer (Douglas Seale) and designer (Malcolm Pride) have not only accepted but deliberately emphasized the incompatibilities of the dramatic scheme. Did Beethoven choose to start with domestic trivialities and to end in a blaze of universal glory? Very well; they would underline the contrast. So the curtain rose on Marcellina dashing away with her smoothing iron, Jacquino tearing up and down a very slippery-looking flight of stairs, and a group of mute assistant washerwomen in the background: in short, on the fussiest kind of realism. The final scene, on the contrary, was presented in the bare and severely stylised oratorio manner of Wieland Wagner, with tiers of motionless male and female chorus singers dressed in uniform black habits. "Who were all those *monks* in the last scene?" asked my neighbour, who hadn't seen the opera before, thereby illustrating the pitfalls of an inconsistent style. Throughout we veered between realism and formality. Thus, the dungeon scene, though acted in a straightforward melodramatic style, featured a colossal vertical chain, extending the whole way from the boards to the proscenium, which had none but a purely symbolic function—like the large broken anchor which "dear Edward," in *Hail and Farewell*, wished to place beside a domestic fireplace in his Ibsenite play "as a symbol of hopelessness."

All this, as you may suppose, somewhat lessened the opera's emotional impact; but in the long run Beethoven conquered, because substantial justice was done to the music. At first Rudolf Schwarz allowed his orchestra to drown the pleasant light voices of Patricia Howard (Marcellina) and William McAlpine (Jacquino); but for the rest

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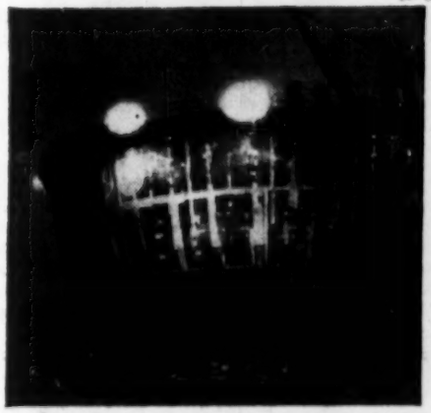

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of the evening he secured a good balance, a warm quality of tone and some orchestral playing that was both dramatic and delicate. The cast was strong. Elisabeth Fretwell sang Leonora, not with absolute purity of tone, but with a communicative fervour that reached a fine climax in the dungeon scene, where her high B flat on "I am his wife!" rang out with thrilling effect. Her acting, a little on the cool side, was not helped by a short jacket and loose trousers of pale blue, which admittedly made a welcome change from the usual bulky brown buckram jerkin, but managed also to suggest some modish contemporary "playsuit."

Ronald Dowd, the Florestan, invested his big solo with an intensity and (in the allegro) a feverish excitement which at once raised the drama to its proper temperature; no wonder the audience was unable at this point to restrain its applause. Owen Brannigan, as Rocco, sang with a lustiness that rather belied his doddering appearance; and John Hargreaves, in a Napoleonic uniform, declaimed Pizarro's aria forcefully enough, but was allowed (or persuaded?) to deliver some of his spoken lines in a shiver-my-timbers style that once or twice came uncomfortably close to provoking mirth. I must not forget the chorus, who made an effect in the final scene out of all proportion to their numbers, and were very moving in the Prisoners' Chorus of Act I. Here the producer also was at his best: as the ruined, shambling figures groped their way into the light of day, the humanity of Beethoven's conception made itself powerfully, indeed painfully, felt.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Total Theatre

LONDON has been extending an eager welcome last week and this to the Renaud-Barrault Company at the Palace Theatre. They are giving five plays: a Feydeau farce, *Occupe-toi d'Amélie*, a Molière, *Le Misanthrope*, a short light comedy of Lopez de Vega followed by a programme of poems and mime, *Intermezzo* by Giraudoux (which we recently saw in a charming English version at the Arts) and Claudel's *Christophe Colomb*. We shall be printing presently an appreciation of the company as a whole, but this week I must concentrate on the most elaborate and spectacular of their productions, *Christophe Colomb*.

M. Barrault has been the great expositor of Claudel in the theatre (on an earlier occasion he showed London the difficult *Partage du Midi*) and it is easy to see why this work appeals theatrically to a director of his many-sided talents. That comparatively new race of theatre men, the Directors, dream perpetually of a kind of theatre which will engage every branch of theatrical art and craft at the same time, which will unite in a single work acting, singing, dancing, mime, declamation, spectacle and decoration. M. Barrault, who is a considerable theoretician, makes a distinction between "total theatre" and "partial theatre." "Partial theatre" is the bourgeois theatre or psychological theatre of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. "Total theatre" is the theatre that existed before this (rather inclusive this seems to me; it takes in Marivaux and Molière), and Claudel is, in his view, a bright particular example of the return in our day to Total Theatre.

Christophe Colomb is certainly about as total as you could get (or, I must admit, as I would want to get). It combines all the elements I have mentioned above, and adds one—parts of the action are reinforced by moving pictures projected on to the great sail which is the main symbolic piece of the decoration. *Christophe Colomb* is partly a pageant, partly a poem, partly a prayer. It resembles an opera libretto declaimed aloud; it also resembles (this is an irreverent but not an irrelevant comparison) one of the vulgarer TV features, *This Is Your Life*, for a fuddy-duddy Expositor opens the play by leading in a chorus representing us as posterity, then the Christopher Columbus of history; he disposes of the chorus on either side of the fore-stage, opens a huge book, the book of his life, and reads from it to us while extracts are mimed, acted or sung on the stage above. The chorus interrupt the action with comments or intensify it with songs. The co-ordination of all these elements is a brilliant piece of stage organisation, the lighting effects are most imaginative, the handling of the material is inventive. M. Barrault gives, in short, a virtuoso display with what is clearly the "total theatre" director's ideal material. As always on these occasions the total director has a high old time, but does the audience?

Perhaps an inveterate agnostic is no more able to estimate this justly than an inveterate liberal is able to appraise Brecht. If one brought a fund of Catholic good will into the theatre one might well be more moved by the repetitive declamation, the clanging rhetoric, the rotund phrases, the urgency of the special pleading. But what particular application it all had, or was meant to have, to the Christopher Columbus there depicted, escaped me. Hoping for dramatic rather than ideological rewards, I found a few in the first half, especially in the fine closing scene to it, when on board the ship the Admiral, as he now is, quells a growing mutiny by the power of his belief, and his faith is answered by the arrival of a dove—the first sight of land. But such rewards are—as they are meant to be—rare, and the second half is decidedly hard going. Columbus is in disgrace, chained to a mast he endures a storm, his protectress Queen Isabelle the Catholic dies, and so does he, in debt in a lowly inn. And the drama ends with a vision of paradise (of that ineffable kind of vulgarity which the French, so tasteful in life, reserve for their treatment of death).

Acting, as so commonly in total theatre, is somewhat at a discount, team-work and production are the things, and, as I hope I have indicated, both here are superb. M. Barrault himself has most chance as Columbus and his notation of the development and growth of his character is very fine. Both the music (Milhaud) and the decor (Max Ingrand) are singularly suggestive and appropriate.

T. C. WORSLEY

Old Green Hat

THOSE responsible for picking plays for television are presumably engaged in a desperate process of scraping the barrel against time, while dozens of novice playwrights mug up the new technique. To take a risk on an immature experimental work would be expensive: it is safer to dig up stock plays that have been successful on stage or screen and commission an able producer like Mr. Rudolph Cartier to make them look like genuine television.

It is difficult, otherwise, to understand why the BBC should have chosen for production last Sunday night so meretricious a melodrama as *Dark Victory*. If we must have stage plays photographed for TV, obviously some of them are likely to be old ones, and therefore "dated"; but it is confusing when a play which purports to be of 1956 is dated both 1870 and 1925. In *Dark Victory*, the emotional values are on the level of "Dead—and never called me mother"; the dialogue is like Arlen at his tinniest; only the props are relatively modern.

As old admirers of Miss Bette Davis and Miss Bankhead will recall, the play is about a defiantly hard-living heiress and an eminent brain-specialist who fall in love with each other when he discovers that she has only a few months to live. Of the many pecks of corn harvested in this situation, no grain is left unsifted: the two characters compete so nobly in keeping stiff upper lips that the play is nearly over before they really get together, and by then it is nearly "too late." There are even a pawky Scottish housekeeper, of the kind that used to be described as a "wonderful old body," and a Mellers-type stage-Irish groom, who has what the heiress seems to think a wonderful young body; she pulls herself together, however, when he talks to her one night "as a man" and tells her that she has become "cheap" and has "lost caste."

It is difficult to judge fairly the actors involved in this rubbish. Mr. Stephen Murray's quality is such that, with the assistance of some authentic-looking X-ray pictures and other technical paraphernalia and jargon, he almost makes the personality of the doctor convincing: quiet, crisp, a man of integrity (with, of course, "hidden fires"). Miss Edana Romney remains, to me, an enigma. Like other critics, I have found her regular performance in *Is This Your Problem?* unpleasantly actressy. In *Dark Victory* one was still conscious of the actress, often wildly over-acting. If she had underplayed, the essential falsity of the part might have become even more palpable; yet it should surely not be necessary to overact in sentimental melodrama, especially in this utterly revealing medium. The heaving breast, the heroic effort of self-control, the shrill, ranting, good-timer with an aching heart of gold—it was all just a bit too much. Still, I don't mind having one more look at Miss Romney if they can find her a real television play to act in and persuade her to behave as if she were taking it easy. I repeat: *Dark Victory* was not authentic television, except perhaps for the few seconds in which the producer showed us, by blurring her vision, that the heiress knew that her last day had come. Even the hunting sequence and the pleasant rural landscapes were really only extrinsic decoration.

At least Miss Romney had learned and rehearsed her part impeccably, to its last bogus syllable and gesture. One of the weaknesses of Monday night's episode in the newish ITV semi-documentary series, *Secret Mission*, was that it seemed to be seriously under-rehearsed. Even true stories of the French anti-Nazi Resistance—as these are—seem incredible when retold more than ten years later: it is all the more necessary not only that sets and props should look absolutely right, which they didn't, but also that every actor should play with an intellectual grasp of the historical situation and with an (at least apparently) dedicated conviction; and should be word-perfect. On Monday, some of them seemed half-hearted, almost amateurish; and too many lines were fluffed. Yet this series could be pulled together into something good.

Perhaps it is the desperate sense that there are only twenty-something shopping days to Christmas—plugged so constantly, long before Advent, in the advertising magazines—that is driving everyone around the commercial studios slightly batty; but, after some months of relative smoothness and slickness, there is now once more a good deal of slipshod work and technical slovenliness.

TOM DRIBERG

Gary Graffman, at the Wigmore Hall

Contemporary Russian pianists tend to be serious and serene. The young Viennese interpreters are sober and delicate. The grand manner of the pre-revolutionary Moscow school seems to have passed to America. Curtis-trained pianists with polished technique and nice musical feelings are not uncommon in Wigmore Hall. Gary Graffman, who gave his début recital there last week, is something more: a virtuoso of the first rank whose execution was filled with elegance, charm and poetry. I have never heard Liszt-Paganini Caprices played with such discipline, such pianistic eloquence, never thought to hear *La Campanella* delivered with a witchery that could make one hang on each tinkle of the persistent little bell. In Brahms's Op. 117 Intermezzi the tone was deep and gentle, never thick. A Haydn sonata and Schubert's Wanderer Fantasy were masterly. Throughout, the intention was not to stun but to enchant. There are other kinds of great playing where attention is focused entirely on the composer's thought, and the piano not more than a medium for transmitting ideas. But the more glamorous way, where the very instrument seems to come alive is equally precious.

A. P.

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Correspondence

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR,—In your admirable article on the Hungarian revolution you have refuted most convincingly the Moscow allegation that the rising in Hungary developed into a counter-revolution. In fact, the revolution, which was a *levee en masse*, is continuing in the form of passive resistance, strikes and guerilla warfare. In spite of the sympathy shown here and even more on the Continent, there are no signs of any initiative taken by the western powers to stop Russia from putting down the revolution by ruthless colonial oppression.

No student of Soviet policy could credit Mr. Butler's statement that Russia's second attack on Hungary had no connection with events in the Middle East. The Soviet Union has always followed two distinct lines of foreign policy simultaneously, swinging from one to the other according to its assessment of conditions prevailing in the non-Soviet world. The origin of this dual policy lies in the dual structure of the Soviet state, consisting of state control and of the party. In foreign affairs, old-fashioned imperialism (colonial or otherwise) runs parallel with political manœuvres, based sometimes on Communist penetration, sometimes on unabashed bargaining. In my view, on October 31, Moscow was still undecided whether to compromise or to apply a colonial solution by force.

Both internal and external factors led to the tragic decision. The impetus of the revolution induced the Nagy government to demand free elections and neutrality. Free elections would have proved that, despite ten years' indoctrination, the Communist vote had dwindled from 17 per cent. (in 1945) to probably not more than 1 per cent. Neutrality of a Warsaw Pact country was unacceptable unless a Nato territory were neutralised as a *quid pro quo*. The external factors favouring this decision were the Suez adventure, with the subsequent weakening of the Atlantic alliance, the Commonwealth and the United Nations, and the total paralysis of American political life during the election.

How strong Russia's dilemma must have been was borne out in his speech by Tito, who, in simplified terms, attributed it to conflicting trends in the Kremlin. For Russia, her present brutal repression has the disadvantage of bringing to an end the policy of peaceful co-existence, admitting the failure of ten years' Communist indoctrination, alienating the sympathies of the non-Communist countries and leading to a spectacular disintegration of the Communist parties in the West. Nevertheless, the Russian leaders decided in favour of it as, according to their own admission, a compromise would have been an intolerable military risk. The wonderful tenacity of the Hungarian people proves that *they* still believe in the possibility of forcing the Russians to a settlement, in spite of the passivity and lack of imagination shown by American policy, the almost provincial British preoccupation with the Middle East and the inefficiency and weakness of the United Nations executive. Is it too much to hope that the British Labour movement should, to quote L. A. Amery, "speak for England" and exert sufficient pressure on H.M.G. to initiate an imaginative Anglo-American policy promoting through the United Nations a solution that will save Hungary?

As Mr. Krushchev has made clear himself, Russia is willing to withdraw her troops from Poland, Hungary and Rumania provided that American troops withdraw from western Germany. This ultimate aim can, however, only coincide with the general settlement of the German problem. Meanwhile Russia's fears for her security could perhaps be allayed by a solution, as accepted by her for Finland under American pressure. If Hungary temporarily shelves free elections, to spare the Communists a humiliating defeat, a coalition government of the 1945 parties might be re-established and Russia might adopt a policy of non-interference, as in Finland. The withdrawal of the Russian army might be achieved by the substitution of a United Nations police force formed entirely by the non-committed nations, without the participation of the Nato powers. Time, however, is short, and unless such a solution is brought about by either British, American or Indian initiative, the achievements of the Hungarian revolution, gained with such courage and at such a cost, will be lost for the free world.

ANDREW REVAI

28b Albemarle Street, W.1.

SIR,—The questions at issue between myself and the *Daily Worker* are of two kinds. First there is the smokescreen of smears and irrelevancies thrown up by the present leaders of the Communist party. This is designed to obscure the fundamental questions: the character of the Hungarian revolution; to what degree "white terror" existed; and how far Soviet intervention was needed or justified to deal with the danger of counter-revolution.

The editor of the *Daily Worker*, J. R. Campbell, upbraids me for giving an interview to the *Daily Express*. But the *Daily Worker* devoted one-sixth of its reply to my letter of resignation to a quotation from Mr. Sefton Delmer, a correspondent of the *Daily Express*. Normally Mr. Delmer is held in little esteem at the *Daily Worker*. On September 23, 1953, for example, Walter Holmes called him "an eminent performer in the Beaverbrook circus." Where was the eminent Mr. Delmer when the Soviet attack took place on November 4? Not in Hungary: he had already left. Does this worry the *Daily Worker*? Not a bit of it. It cheerfully quotes 158 words of his deathless prose in an attempt to refute its own correspondent, whose dispatches it dared not print! After this slur it ill becomes the *Daily Worker* to chide me for giving an interview to the *Daily Express*, just as I gave interviews to the *Yorkshire Post*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Glasgow Herald* and other papers. In my letter of resignation I said I would find other means of telling the truth about Hungary. I meant it. Why the squeals of surprise?

Campbell trots out one misrepresentation after another. Since I was in Budapest, he says, I could not know what was taking place in the *Daily Worker* office. He calls my account of how my dispatches were handled a travesty. Since he himself was in Moscow at the time I imagine that I know as much as he does about what took place in Budapest as well as at the *Daily Worker* office. He quotes from a piece I wrote about Imre Nagy's return to the central committee. He fails to mention that it was an unsigned editorial, expressing not my own personal view but the line of the paper. Of course I was mistaken about Hungary; come to that so was Mick Bennett, the assistant editor and a former personal friend of Farkas, when he prophesied: "Nagy will never come back: he is the Hungarian Gaitskell." A few days later Nagy returned to the central committee. "Who was silly" then, indeed?

The sneer about my taking refuge in the British Legation was not unexpected, it was only one of a series of smears which were circulating among party functionaries even before I left Budapest. "He was inexperienced"; "he was not sent to report his opinions but the official Party line"; "he sent a dispatch praising Cardinal Mindszenty"; "he had been going wrong for several months": all these choice fantasies were in the minds and mouths of the Stalinist defenders of Soviet aggression against the evil day when I should return. The answer is that I wanted to do an honest job and was not allowed to.

None of this, of course, affects the fundamental incorrectness and dishonesty of the *Daily Worker's* position on Hungary. Was there a danger of counter-revolution or not? There was, and it is a lie to claim that I "pooh-poohed" it. But the Stalinists put their faith in T54 tanks and a four-day bombardment of Budapest; they support the export of Socialism in high-explosive form; I preferred and I still prefer to put my faith in the Hungarian people. And even if counter-revolution had succeeded, the second Soviet intervention would still have been unjustified. Was there "white terror?" The *Daily Worker* can quote Delmer till it is blue in the face, but it cannot alter the facts. What did other correspondents in Hungary say? Basil Davidson, in the *Daily Herald*: "For the Russians to pretend . . . that Hungary's revolt was organised and run by 'fascists and reactionaries' is a piece of lying cynicism. . . ." Lajos Lederer, in the *Observer*: "What the Russians are faced with is a nation-wide liberation movement." Bruce Renton, in the NEW STATESMAN: "Nobody who was in Hungary during the revolution could escape the overwhelming impression that the Hungarian people had no desire to return to the capitalist system."

From start to finish the *Daily Worker*—or rather the Stalinists who control it—has lied, lied, lied about Hungary. It printed a gruesome photograph of a lynched man under the headline: "The White Terror in Hungary," implying that he was an ordinary Communist party member, whereas there was in the office another photograph of the same corpse, taken from a different angle, which showed that he was wearing A.V.H. uniform.

The *Daily Worker* cynically declares that for the Soviet Union to have "refused" to intervene would have been "inhuman" and that by denying this I am "quite oblivious to reality." After what I saw of the bravery, the sufferings and the sacrifices of the heroic people in the face of terrible odds, this insult to their gallantry and to their 20,000 dead sickens me. Shame on a newspaper which can spit on a nation's anguish and grief. Shame on party leaders who can justify with smooth clichés and lies the massacre and martyrdom of a proud and indomitable people. These leaders are wholly discredited; they have abandoned Socialist principles; they are destroying the Communist party as a political force. They must be removed, and removed quickly, if the Communist party is to hold its head up once more before the British people.

London, N.W.3. PETER FRYER

POLICY FOR SUEZ

SIR,—We are very concerned about the lack of public discussion at home and abroad of longer term solution of the Middle East problems. So far, the United Nations has demanded withdrawal of Israeli forces to the previous armistice lines but obviously this will not do anything to resolve the causes of the conflict. They are complex, involving the enmity of the Arab nations and rivalries between the great

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powers for influence in the area which is vitally important to them in view of the position of the Suez Canal and the oil supplies. We suggest the following:—

(1) U.N. guarantee of Israel's frontiers after proper consideration of the Gaza Strip issue and the Arab refugee problem; the U.N. to dictate a solution which will be imposed if Israel and the Arab States are unable to agree.

(2) The establishment of a permanent U.N. Police Force.

(3) The stationing of this force in or near a trouble zone. In the first place we suggest that this should be Cyprus, which should be evacuated by Great Britain and a democratic constitution drawn up, guaranteed by the presence of the U.N. Force.

(4) The U.N. should offer economic and cultural assistance to the countries of the Middle East for specific purposes designed to foster education and a higher standard of living. We see many of the troubles of the Middle East arising out of the apallingly low standard of living of the Arab peoples.

(5) In view of the critical importance of the Suez Canal and the risks of world war arising out of conflicts over it (all too obvious in the light of recent events) the U.N. should guarantee free passage for all nations. This should no longer be left to the signatories of the 1888 Convention.

In these ways Britain could take the initiative in putting forward a course of action designed to steer the Middle East and the world out of the muddled crisis which we have done much to create, first by our inaction on the issue of the U.N. Force before, and secondly by the disastrous action we finally took.

IRENE BOWMAN, RONALD BOWMAN, JACK CADOGAN, JOHN EVERSLEY, ELISABETH MENDELSON, SIDNEY MENDELSON, JESSIE SCOTT-BATEY, ROLAND SCOTT-BATEY, ALAN TABBUSH, JEAN WHITE.

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SIR,—In its editorial of November 3, the NEW STATESMAN writes that the British landings in the Canal "certainly confirmed the Arab view that Israel is primarily an outpost of western colonial policy." To the NEW STATESMAN, which claims to have supported the Israelis since 1945, it would appear that there are certain elementary facts which need to be stressed.

It should be clear by now that the British and French landings in the Canal Zone were not motivated by the desire to defend Israel but by their own interests. Similarly, the independent action of the Israel defence army in Sinai was not designed to protect British and French interests but was aimed at the destruction of the bases from which the *Fedayan* murder gangs operated in Israel territory and at wiping out an Egyptian invasion force already prepared in the desert and waiting to strike (Egyptian documents captured during the campaign include orders to commanders to prepare themselves for the inevitable battle with Israel). The fact that Britain exploited the opportunity provided by the Israeli advance into Sinai should not be allowed to confuse the issues involved.

For Israel, her action was a matter of life or death. Even at the risk of repetition, it must again be said that for eight years she has lived in a state of constant seige. Her shipping has been blockaded in Suez and in the Gulf of Eilat, her trade boycotted by an inter-Arab organisation, her water-development projects paralysed by Arab opposition supported by the Soviet veto in the U.N., and her land invaded and citizens murdered by Egyptian-led and organised terrorist gangs operating from Sinai, Gaza, Jordan, Syria and the Lebanon. In eight years there have been over 400 Israeli casualties.

In view of this eight years' blockade of Israel shipping in Suez, it comes as a shock to read in the NEW STATESMAN that "it is not even clear that there has been any serious threat to the free passage of the Canal but if there was in the last few days it arose from the Israeli invasion and nothing else." Are we to understand that a serious threat only exists when British shipping is involved but does not apply to the vessels of a small nation such as Israel? One of the motives of Israeli operations in Sinai was precisely to

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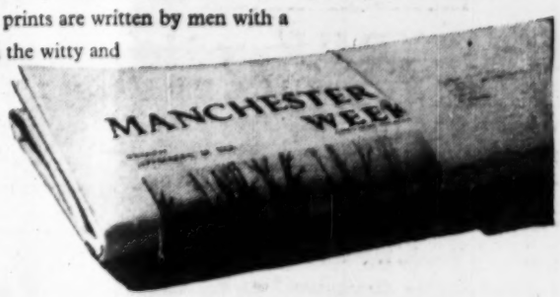

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ensure the free passage of her shipping in Suez, which, despite the numerous resolutions on the subject in the U.N., has been denied her in the past.

It is a strange fact that while Israel, this "tool of imperialism" so called by Mr. Bulganin, has been refused arms essential for self-defence, such fighters for colonial freedom as King Hussein, King Feisal, King Ibn Saud and Dictator Abdul Nasser, have been bombarded with arms both by the old imperialist powers they presumably seek to overthrow and from the new imperialism of the left. And this in spite of their openly proclaimed intentions to use these arms for the annihilation of Israel. Indeed, strange treatment from our imperialist protectors.

Moreover, in spite of the slogans of national and social liberation which Abdul Nasser proclaimed at the outset of his career, and with which he hoodwinked so many genuine Socialists in the West, his deeds have been in flagrant contradiction to his slogans. On the home front he has established a one-party dictatorship, chained the trade unions and concentrated on building a war machine directed at Israel at the expense of the already impoverished Egyptian economy. And it must be clear to any Socialist observer that had anti-colonialism genuinely been his aim, his best policy would have been peace with Israel. But by dividing the Middle East, he has further opened the door to imperialist intrigues in the area.

As in 1948, when the U.N. did not lift a finger to stop the Arab invasion of her territory, Israel was last week forced to rely on her own arms to defend her security and the lives of her citizens as would any nation faced with a similar situation. To the NEW STATESMAN this action has destroyed our moral position. From London it may be that our moral position seems of primary importance, but to an Israeli it would appear that there can be no moral position without physical existence.

Jerusalem. SADIE MORRIS

[Critic refers to this letter in the London Diary.—ED., *N.S. & S.*]

PRIESTLEY AND LEAVIS

SIR,—Mr. J. B. Priestley, in his article last week, made three suggestions which require comment. These were (1) that the reason why his own works are unworthy of study, is that literature itself is unworthy of study; (2) that twentieth-century literature has been in the main the work of "just a lot of chaps trying to get by"; and (3) that undergraduates today are uncivilised, naturally intolerant and rawly destructive, disposed to respond chiefly to the lecturer who plays for a laugh, and habitually staying up half the night to "roar" nonsense at each other. The comment that these require (they invite others) is that they are all ridiculous.

Certainly it is disastrous to divide writing simply into great literature and plain rubbish. But this truth is not only obvious, it is also important—more so, if anything, than its corollary: that praise is not much worth having unless it comes from one who grasps the difference between merit and genius. If Mr. Priestley has glimpsed it, therefore, why does he argue for it so as only to discredit it?

Yet to have done that is not the worst side of Mr. Priestley's article. The worst side of it is its pervasive acrimony and sarcasm. How can these qualities produce anything but themselves over again? What else can survive, when the very atmosphere of debate is poisoned as Mr. Priestley has poisoned it? Why does he degrade the cause he claims to serve, by fostering the despicable *cult of personalities* which first disfigures controversy, and then condemns it to expire in aimless squalor? JOHN HOLLOWAY

Queen's College,
Cambridge.

SIR,—I hope Mr. Wain has not done himself serious injury leaning over backwards so as not to appear a "foaming" disciple of Dr. Leavis. It is hard to see why he should not greatly care who wins the dogfight (if that is what it is) between Dr. Leavis, whose book on Lawrence he described in a review as one of the few critical works which deserve a place beside the best work of the author they are about, and Mr. Priestley, who does not think Dr. Leavis is a critic at all.

King's College, J. C. MAXWELL
Newcastle upon Tyne, 1.

SIR,—Being up at Cambridge last year, when Dr. Leavis was in full swipe, I can assure Mr. Priestley that to those of us who were capable of refraining from judgment, or even of reserving judgment, Dr. Leavis' attempts at mass-slaughter were no more effective than a hysterical hail of machine-gun bullets against a tank. . . .

Nevertheless, such critics as he do form a danger to "our impressionable youth." Earlier that year Robert Graves gave a series of lectures on English Poetry. He mocked most modern poets but, of course, from a different standpoint to Dr. Leavis. He had them rolling all right, but brought them up with a perplexed jerk, as if they realised he had them laughing at themselves. There was something about him they did not understand. He made them think, not deride. Dr. Leavis is much more straightforward. Maybe he doesn't give his reasons clearly but we know what he's about. He wants to hurl great literature off the peaks of Parnassus. Unfortunately, he can't reach. He hasn't even got enough balance to stand on the slopes; in fact, he doesn't seem to know they exist, the main point against him.

Previously I had wasted time neither on Dr. Leavis nor (even as he advised) on Mr. Priestley. I begin to have second thoughts on Mr. Priestley; and also on Lawrence, like a man who is fanatically exhorted to buy a genuine antique—he suspects it's a fake, despite his better judgment. But Lawrence, of course, is not a fake. Neither is Dr. Leavis. He is an example of megalomaniac turned monomaniac, the evolution of most bad critics. His career, one suspects, is what he claimed Auden's to be: "typed, fixed at the undergraduate level." Lawrence is a safe sell to the students, being best read (like Freud) when young; but like the posthumous denunciations of Stalin, he is telling us something we already know. One wonders why he took so long finding out.

Cyprus. MARTIN EVANS

MAX BEERBOHM

SIR,—I have been asked by Lady Beerbohm, in accordance with the wishes of the late Sir Max Beerbohm, to write his life. I should be grateful if anyone with letters or reminiscences of him could communicate with me. DAVID CECIL

7 Linton Road, Oxford.

[We regret that Lord David Cecil's letter appeared over a misprinted signature last week.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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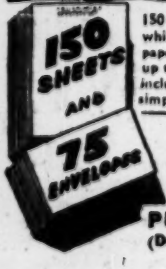

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The First Atomic Decade

FEW beliefs are more dangerously misleading than the one so popular today, that right action consists in avoiding the mistakes we made last time. Every historical situation is unique. In trying to avoid past errors we only stumble into new ones. The great mistakes of history tend to be made, not through ignoring the lessons of the past, but through retaining habits of thought which under changed conditions are disastrous; and the difficulty lies, not only in preserving the required elasticity of mind to cope with new conditions, but in realising when the conditions are in fact new. We can at least be thankful that the atomic bomb which burst into such horrible flower over Hiroshima on August 6th, 1945, should have made it so clear that it was no longer possible to engage in total war without destroying mankind, and that policy and armament must be adjusted accordingly. But it was also clear that the nature of this adjustment would be a matter for debate—a debate the more anguished and urgent in that we had also to meet simultaneously the threat of Communist imperialism, the rise to parity of the coloured races, and the inescapable decline of Britain from her dominance as a World Power. Statesmen have been faced before with issues which struck them as equally appalling, but never before has a false step, whether the result of imperialist nostalgia or Utopian goodwill, threatened world catastrophe on so cataclysmic a scale. Historians cannot say what is to be done; at best they can explain what the predicament is and how it came about; and it is as contributions to such an explanation that these two volumes* are chiefly to be valued.

First, a bouquet is due to Mr. Ehrman whose second volume in the Official War Histories is as lucid, as judicious and as urbane as his first. It is true that in the calm, rather awful stateliness of his style we lose any sense of how hectic and anxious were the days he describes, how tense the conditions under which decisions were taken, how curious the atmosphere, at once exhilarating and frustrating, of wartime Whitehall; but for such local colour one can always turn to the memoirs of the *coulisses*, and Mr. Ehrman's approach, dispassionate without being colourless, is all one can reasonably ask of an Official Historian dealing with issues as weighty as these. He is not helped by a cartographer who locates the source of the Moselle at Metz, makes the Meuse flow north-west from Namur through Brussels to join the Scheldt at Antwerp, and invents a quite separate river, the Maas, which rises in the Ardennes due south of Liège. In maps of such Renaissance imaginativeness one is a little disappointed to find no dragons.

In October 1944, when this volume opens, the great decisions had been taken, the implementation of the strategic plan was going forward, and the dust of the inter-allied conflicts from which the decisions had emerged was beginning to settle. But the need to make detailed arrangements with the Russians for the ending of the war, not only in the field of tactical liaison but in those of peace negotiation and post-war settlement, revealed the huge gap between Eastern and Western preconceptions, methods and war aims which distance and occupation with hard fighting had done so much to conceal. Between the Western allies also there was still plenty of room for disagreement; but the ever greater disparity between British and American strengths virtually reduced all such conflicts to ineffectual protests by the British Chiefs of Staff against policies which the Americans had the strength and the will, if need be, to push through over their heads. Such was the British demand for a concentrated thrust into North Germany instead of Eisenhower's placid strategy of a broad overall pressure. Such also was the British desire, in April 1945, for the allied advance into Germany to aim at Berlin rather than at Dresden, and for the invasion of Bohemia to be pushed as far as Prague: suggestions rejected by General Marshall with the curious and revealing remark, "I should be loath to hazard American lives for purely political purposes." Against this disastrous American belief that political considerations were irrelevant to the conduct of the war the British constantly beat in vain.

In the Far East the American predominance of strength and interest was such that there could be even less question of the British influencing the formulation or conduct of policy. The decision to use the atomic bomb was made in the United States and accepted by the British without demur; and the Americans themselves seem to have felt no qualms. The only apparent alternative was a physical invasion of the Japanese islands, which would certainly be opposed with all the suicidal fanaticism which the Allies knew only too well. Moreover, the bomb was as yet a weapon more terrifying in its implications than in its performance: worse damage had been inflicted in fire-raids on Hamburg and Tokio, and for a nation which for four years had been screwing up its war potential to the greatest pitch of destructive power the use of this particular weapon involved no specific moral issue. What was not known, however, to more than a handful of officials in Washington was that the Japanese had already begun overtures for peace before the bomb was dropped. Only when this fact became more widely known did men begin to fear that the holocausts at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were the result, not of unfortunate military necessity, but of a gruesome combination of cold-blooded experiment and bureaucratic inertia; and atomic scientists began those soul-searchings which culminated in the Oppenheimer affair. Such fears were in fact hardly justified. The surrender negotiations were conducted behind the backs of the militarists who dominated the Japanese cabinet, who required an Imperial order to make them accept the inevitable even after the bomb had been dropped, and who then tried to reassert their predominance by *coup d'état*. Still, the disquieting fact remains that the first bomb was dropped four days after the Americans became aware of the Japanese willingness to surrender on the basis of the Potsdam Declaration, and it is hard to believe that anything would have been lost, or that much might not have been gained, by even a few weeks' delay. Here Mr. Ehrman's argument is difficult to follow. The Japanese message, he suggests, was irrelevant to the issue, since the Allies would accept nothing less than unconditional surrender. But if that was so, why did they issue the Potsdam Declaration at all?

In his book, *The Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy*, published eight years ago, Professor Blackett was already expressing doubts about the necessity for using the atomic bomb; doubts much decried at the time, but which the facts now officially revealed by Mr. Ehrman go far to justify. Now in his Lees Knowles Lectures Professor Blackett shows himself equally doubtful about official beliefs and policy in the atomic age, and he must expect from orthodox circles all the incredulity, if not vituperation, with which his first book was received. This is a pity, for men of Professor Blackett's intellectual stature who are prepared to think not only honestly but also publicly about political and military problems in the light of the atomic bomb are all too rare. There are certainly men no less able in the services and the ministries dealing with these questions, but their duty of discretion prevents them from guiding public opinion; and unofficial commentators are no more forward in giving a lead.

In this very small volume Professor Blackett covers an immense amount of ground. Indeed one could wish that he had been rather less ambitious in his scope, for his theme is one of too great importance to be treated adequately at such short length. Briefly, it is that the Western monopoly of the atomic bomb from 1945 till 1949, so far from acting as a deterrent to hold Russian aggression in check, served to intensify the Cold War by making Russia press on with the building-up of a glacis of satellites round her metropolitan area to increase her protection against air attack, and set on foot a ruthless domestic programme to reach atomic parity at the earliest possible moment. Between 1949 and 1953, when it was discovered that the Russians had the atomic bomb and were fast catching up with their stockpiles, voices were raised in the West urging that, since Russia would attack as soon as she achieved parity, a preventive war should be waged before it was too late. But in 1953 Russia did achieve virtual parity with the development of the hydrogen bomb; and there followed, not aggression, but *détente*—a *détente* caused, suggests Professor Blackett, not simply by Stalin's death but by a relaxation of Russian internal tensions and external fears consequent on the success of her defence programme.

Such a thesis, flatly contradicting all the presuppositions on which our defence planning has been based, will not find ready acceptance; hence the need for a fuller statement than it receives in these lectures. But the existing condition of atomic parity is undeniable, and in fact if not in words our defence organisation is being adjusted in the light of it. In the days of

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* *Grand Strategy, Vol. VI: October 1944-August 1945.* By JOHN EHRMAN. *H.M.S.O.* 42*s.*
Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations. By P. M. S. BLACKETT. *Cambridge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

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atomic monopoly it was wise to concentrate the bulk of our expenditure on a deterrent to prevent war from breaking out at all. With atomic parity the deterrents cancel each other out, and we cannot use our own unless we are prepared to face an equally strong counterblow —which in our existing state of Civil Defence we most certainly are not. We are thus faced with the prospect of a succession of minor conflicts waged with orthodox weapons, which neither side is prepared to force to the atomic boiling point. As a result, our defence planners must solve two problems: first, what is the minimum which we can afford to spend on the deterrent which will keep atomic war abolished, so as to leave the maximum available for the conduct of those limited wars which we really are going to fight? And secondly, to what extent will it be safe, in these limited wars, to use atomic weapons in a tactical role without provoking strategic retaliation? The long-range strategic bomber force is no longer the ultimate, irresistible weapon; instead, it is reduced to the tedious and expensive role of a fleet in being, condemned to remain in harbour in a state of readiness throughout the war. This change of emphasis has been accompanied in the United States by those violent inter-service controversies which played so sinister a part in the tangled and tragic Oppenheimer case, and which exploded in last summer's public brawl. In this country the battle has been fought out more discreetly, if no less savagely, in committees; but historians of the future may decide that our inability to move rapidly against Egypt last July had its roots in faulty military dispositions which arose from a failure to react sufficiently promptly to this change in the balance of atomic power.

Professor Blackett makes no pretence to forecast what will happen: he makes us look with fresh eyes on what has happened. There can be little doubt that when the controversy has cleared away it will be seen that on these issues also he is right, and that our fears in the Cold War were very largely fears of our own shadow. If Russia does threaten the West, it is in a more subtle and in the long run a more dangerous fashion than by that straightforward military aggression against which we have built up such complex, such expensive and in the long run such useless dykes.

MICHAEL HOWARD

First Love

Years pass, and now his heart leaks like a sieve,
Yet holds how absolutely he would know her
Before he set his aspirations lower,
Demanding more than life is used to give.

Demanding, yet receiving more as well,
Unorchestrated by extraneous thought
—Mutual advantage, marriage or support—
Across that windless valley, one clear bell.

The loss too was most absolute, unripest
—Pardon his early poems that could confound a
Boy's heartbreak with the images of war.
Well, some would say the wider love is sounder;
Yet those rare dreams that shape her still strike deepest.
—The rock breaks and gives up its glittering ore.

ROBERT CONQUEST

Calmly Rational

The Problem of Knowledge. By A. J. AYER. *Macmillan.* 18*s.* Also *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Alongside the literature of imagination there is a literature of argument. Professor Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*, published in 1936, was a lasting contribution to it, a polemical essay which set out the doctrines of logical positivism, first formulated in the Vienna circle, with alarming confidence and clarity. Many things have happened in philosophy since 1936: further discoveries in mathematical logic, the publication of Ludwig Wittgenstein's manuscripts, a revived interest in moral philosophy, and the development of more minute and painstaking ways of analysing the forms of language. The old logical positivism is dead. Many of Professor Ayer's own opinions have changed since 1936. But his style and method of thought have not changed. Like Bertrand Russell he still assumes that to be rational is to be clear, as a mathematician is clear, and that to be obscure in philosophy, as elsewhere, is to fail in thought; and he still assumes that philosophy is argument and nothing but argument. These assumptions are not self-evident truths. Much of the greatest and most fruitful philosophy of the past has been incurably obscure, and it has often rested upon the most dubious arguments, or even upon no argument at all. But Russell has made any failure in clarity seem a betrayal of the inheritance of liberal manners, a dangerous relapse, and Professor Ayer writes as a follower of Russell. His chapters and paragraphs take the form of a continuous debate, and there is a judicial summing-up of the balance of argument at the end of each chapter. The method is forensic, as if a succession of cases were being tried before the bar of Reason: "I do not think that this objection can be sustained," or "The question is whether this ruling is to be accepted." This is public debate, and not, as in some contemporary French thought, private confession or a dialogue of the author with himself. After an opening discussion of the nature of knowledge itself, the grounds of philosophical doubt about sense perception, about memory, about our knowledge of persons, are reviewed in turn. There is a common theme in each of the cases tried: does philosophical reasoning successfully undermine the ordinary reasoning upon which our knowledge is based? In each case the philosophical reasoning is found to be, in different ways, plausible and useful, but insufficient. It is useful, because it compels us to analyse the implications of our ordinary assertions; and this analysis of implications is the proper work of philosophers.

There is an aesthetic satisfaction in following arguments which are so exactly controlled and expressed. There is a great reassurance in this calm rationality still persisting, in the implied contempt for the teutonic rhetoric which has invaded French thought and which Bertrand Russell swept away so many years ago in Britain. The rhetoric might at any time return, but this book, which will be read wherever there are English-speaking students of philosophy, imposes its own standards of careful honesty and consecutiveness. It is perfectly civilised philosophy, with every uncouth and rough speculation eliminated. And this is where doubts begin. Can philosophy be made as tidy, as controlled and trimmed, as this, without loss of its original, groping impulse? There is no groping here. One can see from the beginning that none of the sceptical arguments are going to be allowed to get out of hand. They are on a tight, light rein, familiar, domesticated animals which are taken out for a short run; they are not seriously threatening. History shows that philosophy has always been an attempt to redraw the boundaries of thought and knowledge; it has always carried with it a project of intellectual reform, and the analysis of concepts has always been incidental, a means to this end. *Language, Truth and Logic*, gaily and trenchantly reforming, is part of the history; *The Problem of Knowledge* is rather subsidiary, deal-

ing with a succession of problems which have arisen within a particular system. The system itself, and its assumptions, are just off the page. This explains a certain tameness, a lack of impulse, as in a school work. But I am glad to find that the assumptions themselves still seem to me as provocative as ever: the assumption that the common forms of argument and assertion can be analysed in entire abstraction from the very various interests which they may serve: or that we can always distinguish between the limits of our language and the limits of our experience. Any discussion of the nature of knowledge, and particularly knowledge of persons, which ignores practical and moral interests, must surely seem artificial and inadequate. A better method in the philosophy of knowledge, I think, starts from the position of persons in nature as observers and agents, and explains their forms of speech as a particular form of their behaviour, reflecting their limited point of view, needs and powers. Professor Ayer's human observers seem to confront the "external world" as impassive statement-making animals, who are somehow not themselves part of the furniture of the world which they observe, describe and alter from their own particular standpoint. And this impression is a consequence of treating language as a seamless garment laid out for investigation, of not allowing for the variety of forms that it has assumed in the past, and may assume in the future, whenever it is put to unexpected uses.

But metaphysical disputes are out of place in the NEW STATESMAN. It is a fact, and not a matter of dispute, that this is a superbly executed work of analytical philosophy, exact, economical, and everywhere intelligible. Perhaps someone reading this book by itself, and without knowledge of its background, might think that modern philosophy had become a particular kind of puzzle-solving called analysis. Fortunately this is not true in general, and not true of Professor Ayer. Rather he is here confining himself to correcting, in the light of the criticisms of the last twenty years, some of the doctrines which he had originally accepted. The intellectual reformer is still there, mending his fences.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

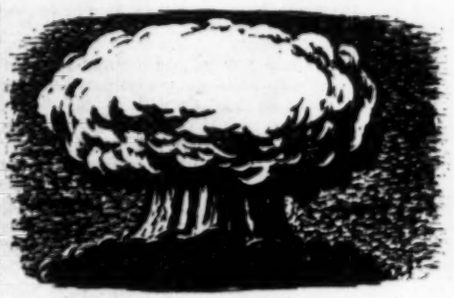
Thought for Food

Must Men Starve: the Malthusian Controversy. By JACOB OSER. *Cape.* 25*s.*

Daniel Hall. By H. E. DALE. *Murray.* 21*s.*

There are fashions in anxiety. Twenty years ago people tried to frighten us with declining birth-rates; now it is more fashionable to argue that there will soon be far too many of us and we might as well commit suicide now to save the discomfort of starving later. Professor Oser agrees that the population of the world will increase greatly but he remains unperturbed. With cheerful iconoclasm, and many well-chosen quotations from Malthus to the modern Americans, he exposes the weakness of the Malthusian position and the nature of the political prejudice on which it depends. He quotes abundant figures to show that the world's hungry areas are areas where agriculture is backward and under-capitalised. This we are familiar with. But he goes on to show that the man-made systems of land tenure are a potent cause of the backwardness and that the under-capitalisation could be cured by diverting into useful channels the immense amounts of money wasted on wars and preparations for them. The argument that this money exists in one country whereas the need is in another is answered by a devastating analysis of the wealth of some rulers of primitive and hungry countries and of the mineral and agricultural wealth taken out of them by more technically advanced countries. As the lady said to Comus:

> If every just man that now pines with want
> Had but a moderate and beseeming share
> Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
> Now heaps upon som few with vast excess,
> Natures full blessings would be well dispenc't



ATOMIC QUEST

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

In unsuperfluous eeven proportion,
And she no whit encomber'd with her store.

The stage is therefore set; the mouths are going to be there, the land is there and the money could be. What ought to be done? The now familiar story of increases in yield through irrigation and the use of fertilisers, and of avoidable loss through diseases and pests, is told again. It is told vividly with many pleasant turns of phrase but it is fully documented so that the book is a valuable guide to the somewhat unwieldy mass of information published by the International Organisations. Oser sees that the changes he advocates would only solve the problem for a time and that there is an ultimate limit to world population. It is odd, therefore, that he makes only passing reference to the need for developments in contraception parallel to those in agriculture.

An immense amount of planning, official organisation, and research will be needed when changes of the type contemplated are made. Sir Daniel Hall tried to do all these things himself. He was the first Principal of Wye College of Agriculture (1885-1902), the revivifier of Rothamsted (1902-1912), one of the first group of Development Commissioners and later the full-time Commissioner (1910-1917), Secretary to the Board of Agriculture (1917-1927), President of the Association of Scientific Workers (1931-1932), and Director of the John Innes Horticultural Institution (1927-1939). Agricultural education, research and planning, trade unionism and research on crop breeding are all covered. Furthermore, Hall was energetic, persuasive, and held in high esteem by his official colleagues. He held many strong opinions but these should have caused him little trouble in youth and middle age; it was only after he had retired that he courted unpopularity by attacking such institutions as militarism, private ownership of land and the "upper classes." We may wonder why, under his guidance, an agricultural organisation able to solve the problems of world feeding was not created.

Mr. Dale's book makes the reason clear, for it is as much a history of agricultural organisation and research as a biography of Hall. Then, as now, there was never quite enough money to do a job properly. Several letters and minutes are quoted emphasising the need for better conditions if people of the calibre of those going into engineering and medicine are to be attracted to agriculture. They did not prove effective. Even now no scientist primarily interested in earning a good living would come into agricultural research. If he did not like industry, and if his principles would not let him help the military machine by taking the good pay offered in nuclear fission or germ warfare, he would be better paid in medical research. Luckily a few odd people prefer to increase food production but it is unwise to strain their financial casualness too far.

N. W. PIRIE

Blood and State

The Early Churchills: An English Family. By A. L. ROWSE. *Macmillan*. 36*s*.

In this study of Sir Winston's ancestors Dr. Rowse is much taken up with heredity. At times the actions of seventeenth-century worthies seem governed by a rise and fall on the bloodstock exchange: if the Duke of Berwick acts swiftly his Churchill blood has clearly prevailed over the "dilatory Stuarts," if Marlborough goes Whig, the Villiers has overruled the Churchill strain. Yet the book makes plain once again how isolated were Marlborough and his duchess from what went before and after. The virtuoso couple—Sarah joining her husband on top of the Victory Column at Blenheim—is as remarkable as ever; parents, brothers, children only flit among the trees below.

Conscientiously, Dr. Rowse devotes a hundred pages to Marlborough's father; but for all his spadework there is not much to tell. The first Sir Winston may have been "something of a West Country bull," he may have come close to kicking the Duke of York's agent downstairs, but he was throughout the Restoration period a Court-party wheelhorse. The really notable thing is that while his son was having an affair with the King's mistress, and his daughter a more settled liaison with the Duke of York, the old cavalier soldier and Junior Clerk Comptroller to the Board of Green Cloth managed to be so humdrum. Sir Winston had—like many of his contemporaries—a nice turn of phrase, but few of his letters remain. Dr. Rowse is driven to give us much potted Restoration history, with details of Sir Winston's committee-work on the import of brandy and the like. The result is dull; the dry bones do not live.

John and Sarah, however, work a transformation on the book, just as they did on the family fortunes. From a chronicler Dr. Rowse becomes a participant; he likes Marlborough, he appreciates—from a safer distance—the termagant Sarah, and what he says is always interesting even when it comes too near apologia to convince. Marlborough is one of the great unliked, but Dr. Rowse does not see it that way. The "willowy nature, always resilient," the affable self-controlled grandee with both eyes on the cash, inspires him to look for roots in the insecurity of John Churchill's upbringing—a time when money ran short and factions left over from the Civil War made children hold their tongues; to reckon, too, the cost in recurrent headaches, bouts of depression, a handsome man's subjection to masterful women, which the grown-up had to pay for his well-judged advance to power and riches. It is a familiar story but well told. Beyond this, Dr. Rowse's purpose is to hymn the "virtues" and "advantages" of "ambivalence": to praise the Trimmers, the "men of the centre who really rule England," and Marlborough in particular as the man who combined political trimming with military genius. Whether one likes it or not, this is a respectable aim; the trouble is that nowhere does Dr. Rowse ask himself why the Trimmer is so little liked or trusted.

Thus he puts the best possible face on Churchill's desertion of James II, but scarcely inquires whether William III had not good reason to keep out of the way a man whose moderate principles moved him at a moment so nicely profitable. He quotes Marlborough's refusal of the Governorship of the Austrian Netherlands, which he so much desired—"I thank God and the Queen," he told the Dutch (they had vetoed the appointment), "I have no need or desire of being richer, but have a very great ambition of doing everything that can be for the public good"—and he is very ready to take it at its face value; he does not ask whether Wellington ("a hard man") would have written like this, or why many people feel a wry affection for the Iron Duke but are content to leave Marlborough on his pillar. Governed by Trimmers though they may often be, the English like "characters"; they also respond to pilgrims—to William Penn, for instance, who (says Dr. Rowse) "like most idealists, never had his feet quite on the ground," and who yet founded Pennsylvania.

Dr. Rowse's mind, in fact, so abhors dialectic that some of his passing comments read oddly in an historical work. The Civil War to him is "odious . . . superfluous"; without it we should have lost a "romantic story" and little more. And how unreasonable it is of the French not to have shaped their constitution, right from the seventeenth century, as a "compromise in the English manner." Again, historical parallels have their uses, but it is an odd one that leads Dr. Rowse to call the First World War a "dress rehearsal for the more remarkable performance of 1940-45." Add to this some lapses into vulgar name-calling—James II was a "hopeless ass" and Charles II a fool for not beating Lady Castlemaine—and one sees that to Dr. Rowse history is not tumultuous growingstuff but an orchard for him to prune. If Marlborough had been allowed "he could certainly have accomplished" the march on Paris which he had set his heart on in 1712. Certainly? Only God can say that.

JOHN ROSSELLI

Tristan

Passion and Society. By DENIS DE ROUGEMONT. *Faber.* 30*s.*

M. de Rougemont is a myth-intoxicated man. It is a condition to which the poetic and religious temperaments now tend. He is also an extremist who works by paradox and dramatic intuition and he spends his brilliant gifts and energy on trying to fit too many things into a narrow pattern. Thus, this remarkable book which was published first in 1939 began as a study of the myth of the fatal love that ends in disaster and death, went on to examine the prestige of adultery as a literary subject, its superiority—in this respect—to marriage; and so on to the corrupting effect of romance on manners and life, its relation to religious heresy and to what, with a wealth of special pleading and dubious evidence, is called "the breakdown of modern marriage." It is always difficult to relate myths to history, to the practises of groups of people or to individual cases; in so far as this book was a study of the poetic imagination—he dislikes the moderation, the sheer sense of prose—it was rich and suggestive. The obscurity and diffuseness lie in those parts which descend from the imaginative to the moral and social worlds. It is difficult then to inspect him. For example, he says that ineluctable passion "almost always" means adultery. It is uncommon in marriage. How does he know? He says that "the breakdown of marriage" can be shown statistically. For a mystic who dislikes scientific inquiry this is an odd statement. Where are the statistics? The divorce figures? It can readily be argued that they show marriage is taken too seriously.

The new edition of this book has added to these particular generalisations; but—more fortunately—also to his considerations of the Tristan myth and its relation with the idea of courtly love; and the thought of the troubadours with the Cathor heresy. This is a scholarly, interesting speculation. It strengthens the main contention of the book: that the cult of passionate and tragic love, the delight in its daring and its sadness, has been an almost exclusive expression of the European genius. The lyrical poets have despised happiness and fulfilment. They have sought to understand through suffering. The myth of Tristan, the cult of the *princesse lointaine*, both imply that the barriers to love must be insuperable. The beloved is loved, against one's will; the passion is ineluctable, forced upon one by a power outside one's control; it is a beatitude which grows the greater the obstructions to possession. And these obstructions are self-created; the storyteller indicates our wish for them. The final obstruction is death itself and it is this, not the fulfilment of his love, that the romantic and self-regarding lover has wished for all the time. Courtly love and *gauloiserie* are opposite sides of the same medal: both are hostile to marriage. At this stage, the regard for the fatal, insatiable and transfiguring passion is at its most painful and fruitful in art and civilisation, but by the end of the 17th century it is already in decline. It has degenerated into Don Juanism, proceeds to gallantry, becomes the mere safety-valve of bourgeois marriage and vanishes out of the world of feeling into promiscuity. Yet, human beings remain convinced of the transfiguring power of passion and are capable of it. What has happened to this magnetising wish for death? It has gone into war. Passion and adultery merely kill the individual; total war destroys his society. After 1939 M. de Rougemont felt his case was made. He turns in his last chapters to the choice between Eros and Agape and the rewards of fidelity, itself—as he rightly says—now extremely unconventional.

M. de Rougemont is not the kind of writer to allow his critics any ground to stand on. These deep writers indeed have no bottom to them. As long as we treat his study as a study of the imagination he will grant us a great deal; for example, that the idea of the doomed and irresistible passion is one fruitful expression of the daring of European man. But if we move from the higher to the lower and relate them, that now hackneyed form of abuse popularly known as "19th century materialism" is directed at us. He is under the delusion, common in the mystical quarter, that explanations impoverish the imagination. In fact, the opposite is the case: we have greatly enriched our notion of John of the Cross or Saint Teresa, by learning that it is probable they were subject to a deflection of sexual life. M. de Rougemont despises explanation, because he is arbitrary and a special pleader, not because of imaginative sensibility. There is no reason to believe that the tragic lover who dies without possessing the beloved is not identical with the lover who is fulfilled. These are aspects of the same experience. To go on from this to the so-called "breakdown" and to the world of "problems" was, I think, a vulgar error.

V. S. PRITCHETT

New Novels

Image of a Society. By ROY FULLER. *Deutsch.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Last Resort. By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

The Pike in the Reeds. By JAMES KINROSS. *Murray.* 16*s.*

Platero and I. By JUAN RAMON JIMENEZ. *Dolphin Books.* 25*s.*

I never met a more misleading title than *Image of a Society*. It sounds like yet another sociological survey. In fact it is rather like a good Arnold Bennett, only it is well written. It is about the people who work in a large Building Society in a provincial town, and more particularly about two of them—the ambitious, cocky, extrovert executive who is fancied as the next

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General Manager, and the sad, intellectual parent-ridden young solicitor who falls in love with that executive's wife. Both men are most shrewdly studied, but not at the expense of the background; the whole movement of the office is tersely and wittily conveyed. That old device, which has so often fallen flat as an overdone soufflé, the Group-Of - People - Thrown - Together - By - Circum - stances, is here for once triumphantly convincing; destinies really *do* converge into a pattern, the whole really *is* more than the sum of the parts. Mr. Fuller, though this is only his third novel, has a most professional grasp of that essential, leaving things out. There are no pages of otiose description, no pointless incidents, no blind alleys; the book rises cleanly to its climax. If it has a fault of balance it is a tendency to fall into and be swallowed up in the infinite dark pit of the solicitor's melancholy. But even that falls within the pattern of the whole. It is a beautifully organised novel, all the more moving for being closely pruned. It gave me the feeling that I had when I first read *Afternoon Men*—namely, that most novelists never succeed in extracting the statue from the stone at all. No wonder it is often such hard work trying to enjoy them.

Miss Hansford Johnson is another professional writer, and there is not much waste matter in this neat, elegiac tale. Its heroine, a cheerful, generous career girl in her late thirties, is a beautiful specimen of the woman who has managed to occupy her whole life with processes in which she has the upper hand—running her business, looking after her parents, showering presents on her friends. When the story opens she has also acquired a lover; of course he is a married man, but his wife is dying, and she looks forward guiltily to freedom and happiness. But each step that she tries to take towards this new life is frustrated by the network of relationships she has carefully drawn around her to preserve her dominance; her mother plots to prevent her marriage; the wife's death comes too late to help her; all the trains that she has laid do their work and leave her what she has always insisted on being, one who gives but does not receive. It is a most convincing and entertaining story which is lifted into something more by an element of poetry—for instance, most of the action takes place at the seaside, and the tang of salt which accompanies it makes an admirable symbol for the girl's character, positive yet sterile, and for the desolation which threatens her.

The Pike in the Reeds suffers by comparison with either of these books because it is a much rougher job, less condensed, nearer to the raw material of life, but it is still a good novel. It is the story of a young prisoner of war, at first ill and miserable in a bad prison camp, then sent to a German hospital to recover, then returning to Germany after the war with the army of occupation. The blurb, the epigraph and one or two points in the story suggest that the book is meant to be a tract on the dangers of trusting Germans, but if so, Mr. Kinross's integrity as a writer has got the better of his plan and produced something of more general interest. It is true that when the boy (disregarding the advice of older prisoners) insists on liking some Germans and falls in love with a hospital nurse, his trust is betrayed. But the reasons for this seem to be such as would act in any country where an isolated enemy alien was admitted to hospital. The real cause of his disaster is something which the book conveys admirably, the oscillation in the minds of all concerned between natural friendliness and patriotism. Their liking for him is always being interrupted by memories of the hostile forces for which he stands. Naturally this produces what, between people normally situated, would be black and bottomless treachery. There is also another theme which, though moving in itself, hovers in uncertain relation to this, and that is the damage done to the character by being a prisoner. Here again, Mr. Kinross seems inclined to blame the Germans for something which (as Colonel Van der Post pointed out over the Japanese) is simply an integral part of war. His book, in fact, does not prove what he wants it to prove, but it is a direct and touching account of a terrible experience.

Platero and I is not a novel, it is a set of little prose poems, attractively illustrated, about Andalusia. Platero is a donkey. Quotation is essential; I pick at random a piece about a night journey:

> Above the fence an immense almond tree, snowy with blossoms and moonlight, its top mingled with a white cloud, shelters the path from arrows shot by the March stars. . . .
>
> "Platero, how . . . cold it is!"
>
> Platero, either because of his own fear or because of mine, breaks into a trot, steps into the stream, treads upon the moon and breaks it to pieces.

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For Richer, for Poorer

Mrs. Gladstone. By GEORGINA BATTISCOMBE. *Constable.* 21*s.*

Happy marriages, like happy nations, are those that have no history. After Catherine Glynne married William Gladstone in 1839 the couple lived so contentedly and unanimously together for the next sixty years that their doing so aroused no interest whatever among their contemporaries: their domestic bliss has not contributed even a footnote to the history of the Victorian era. Why did the union never go amiss? Gladstone, as his colleagues knew well enough, was not the most tractable man in the world. For this delightful biography Miss Battiscombe has consulted unpublished letters and diaries at Hawarden to excellent purpose. Mrs. Gladstone comes to light as "a little of a genius and rather more of a saint." It was the courage, energy, loyalty and high spirits of the junior partner which kept the senior partner afloat so long on the rough seas of politics.

It was not a marriage in first youth or of first love. Catherine was twenty-six and William twenty-nine; and both had loved before. Their temperaments lay wide apart; she was naturally frisky and he was stodgy. Yet the contrast was an asset in facing the vicissitudes of daily life, where each could supply the other's defects and appreciate the other's virtues. In the earlier years when she was child-bearing (she bore him eight children without a qualm) she appears a little crushed by the inflexible character of her mate. She was incorrigibly untidy and could never reform. But her ingenuity could see to it that her own disorder never invaded William's tidy sanctum. In those days there was no question in matters of dispute who should knuckle under. Later, when he became Prime Minister, she recovered her natural buoyancy and independence. And in old age, when the Grand Old Man was weakening, there are clear indications that she had him under her thumb, and had donned the matrimonial breeches, as old ladies often do.

Miss Battiscombe deserves every credit for her charming prose style, for the trouble she has taken to arrange the mass of trivial domestic details at her disposal to the best effect, and for her sympathetic insight into a gallant Victorian lady. Mrs. Gladstone never wanted to cut a dash in the eyes of posterity or to impress the world at large: her only wish was to stand beside her William, for richer, for poorer, for better or worse, in life and in death. One is glad to think she is still beside her man to this day, in Westminster Abbey.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

After Versailles

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939. First Series, Volume VI: 1919. Edited by ROHAN BUTLER. *H.M.S.O.* 105*s.*

This unwieldy volume is the sixth and, fortunately, the last devoted to the record of British diplomacy in the second half of 1919—that is, after the signature of the treaty of Versailles. The first part deals with central Europe; the second with the Far East. It would have been more convenient to have the two parts in separate, and less expensive, volumes; but throughout the series the convenience of the reader has been little regarded. Indeed, the wisdom of publishing the documents on such a gigantic scale seems more and more doubtful. If everything is to be published, why not let students have a free run of the original archives? If some documents are still concealed, what happens to editorial integrity? The first part, in particular, is a brute to use. The Supreme Council in Paris was still dealing with many of the affairs of central Europe from Silesia to Hungary; and the present volume is only comprehensible if reference is constantly made to the earlier one which contains the proceedings of the Supreme Council.

There is much of great interest, often highly creditable to British policy. Its main concern was the economic restoration of central Europe, particularly of Vienna; and a good beginning was made here. In Hungary Sir George Clerk, acting on behalf of the Supreme Council, managed to restrain the Rumanians and even arranged the one free election under universal suffrage which that sad country has ever enjoyed. He cannot be blamed for the later victory of Horthy and the White Terror. The information from British representatives in Germany is persistently sensible; that from Czechoslovakia already shows the lack of sympathy with Czech difficulties which was to mark British diplomacy throughout the inter-war period.

The second part on the Far East has a different character. Here the Supreme Council had little concern. Curzon, the Foreign Secretary, knew little about Central Europe and cared less. He prided himself on being a Far Eastern expert; and there are some tremendous pieces here, re-

cording the magisterial lectures which he delivered to the Japanese Ambassador. The great dispute was over Shantung—the German concession which the Japanese had conquered and from which they now refused to withdraw. Concealed behind this was the yet greater problem—what course should British policy follow if Japan ran into serious conflict with the United States? The Foreign Office would have liked to have things both ways—to keep the Japanese alliance without offending the Americans. But it already foresaw that its hope was vain: in the last resort Great Britain would have to go with America—regretfully, hesitantly, but inescapably all the same.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Fairly Noble Art

The Sweet Science. By A. J. LIEBLING. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

There are various reasons why boxing is in decline just now. In America television, and over here entertainments tax, have hit the small promoter so hard that he is almost out on his feet. Also, full employment has had a distressing effect upon the proletariat and lumpenproletariat who have always provided the hard core of pugilism. Well-filled bellies make for fewer fighters; it seems to be as simple as that. The decline, however, coincides with the flourishing of that rare phenomenon, an intelligent and readable boxing writer. Just how rare that is you do not need to be told. The first thing, then, to do with Mr. Liebling of the *New Yorker*, in which these reports first appeared, is to appreciate him. He writes very well indeed and makes his subjects come alive.

The period covered is roughly the Nineteen Fifties. The book begins with the Louis-Savold fight in June, 1951, and ends with the Marciano-Moore fight in September, 1955. There are expeditions to training camps and careful descriptions, loaded with sociological significance, of the ring and its atmosphere in New York and Chicago. Most of the fights covered are fought in America; the most exciting chapter is the first Marciano-Walcott fight, which the brave, tough, middle-aged Negro so nearly won; the most expert is an account of Sandy Sadler, the tall, skinny featherweight champion. Towards the end there is a trip to Dublin to watch Kelly versus Famechon; this includes a deliciously lively and—despite the rather improbable phonetic rendering of his accent—convincing sketch of Tommy Farr, first encountered in the plane on the way there. I should have liked more about the fabulous Sugar Ray Robinson, whom Mr. Liebling fully appreciates, but Sugar's exploits during the period were not calculated to enrapture the chronicler.

All Mr. Liebling's sympathies are in the right place. He is on the side of the boxer as opposed to the slugger. He loves Negroes and wants them to have a square deal in the ring. He almost certainly knows enough not to try to impress you by laying too much stress on the crooked side of boxing. (His defence, however, against the neurological attack that Dr. Summerskill uses is disingenuous.) He has two styles, a tough Hemingwayish monosyllabic crouch for action, an elaborate, metaphor-laden fancy-man's stance which I think he has modelled on the late Alexander Woollcott. This he uses when he wants to express his own personality, and the results are sometimes unfortunate and a little irritating. He has made a close study of the famous Regency boxing writer, Pierce Egan, who, he points out, had a strong influence on Dickens, and whom he rather rams down your throat. He is inclined to be a bit repetitive and prolix.

But these are comparatively minor faults, the result of exuberance. He has a remarkable faculty for describing fights in vivid detail.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Stephen Rynne's *All Ireland* (Batsford) reviewed in our issue of November 17, is priced at 21*s.*

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Gramophone Records

After playing a number of new recordings of Stravinsky it is difficult not to be struck afresh by the extraordinary variety and range of his music, stretching from the primitive simplicity of *Les Noces* to the urbane sophistication of *Capriccio*, and from the austerity of the *Mass* to the wry farmyard humour of *Renard*. If variety is an attribute of genius, it is one that Stravinsky has in full measure.

The Symphony in C which is now for the first time available on record (Philips) stems from a fascinating combination of full-scale symphonic thought with largely concertante orchestral writing. The Cleveland Orchestra, conducted by Stravinsky himself, give an extremely lucid and lively performance and the woodwind playing, especially of the first oboe, is a joy to the ear. Although not of the top quality, the recording has a bright cleanness that well matches the manner of the performance. On the other side of this disc is an adequate account of one of the most problematical works of Stravinsky's old age, the *Cantata* of 1952. There can surely be no disputing the haunting, desolate beauty of the Lyke Wake Dirge that repeatedly recurs throughout the work, but I must admit that I have in the past found the long tenor *ricercar*, "To-morrow will be my dancing day," pretty tough and monotonous going. Yet on every rehearing, as the ear gets the measure of its canonic complexities and the subtle variety of sound that Stravinsky draws from flutes, oboes and cello, it seems a rather less chilling affair. The recording is rather hard but clear enough, and Hugues Cuenod sings with instrumental precision. The American choir is clearly well trained, but I found Jennie Tournel's rich voice a little too opulent for the music. The conductor is again the composer.

Those veteran Stravinskians, Ernest Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra, have provided on two Decca discs four works that are all too rarely heard. What keeps the *Capriccio* for piano and orchestra out of our concert programmes, what stops conductors and soloists alike from leaping at a work so enchanting, so gay and so touching, is quite beyond me. I do beg anyone who finds the neo-classical Stravinsky remote and cold, or who still maintains that contemporary music is drab, recondite and humourless, to listen to this lovely performance. Both the soloist, Nikita Magaloff, and the orchestra play with delightful verve and airy charm, and the recording is excellent. On the other side of the record is the rather tighter-lipped Stravinsky of the Piano Concerto, an altogether tougher proposition that compels admiration if not affection. This hard, flatly unromantic music, in which strings are represented only by basses, has a certain monumental force and it gets a first-rate recording. Ansermet and Magaloff perform it in an expert if rather too gentle a manner.

If strings are all but banished from the Piano Concerto they have the field entirely to themselves in *Apollon Musagètes*. Here the mood is predominantly poetic and elegiac, and it is one that matches Ansermet's delicate, subtle touch much better than the fierce asperities of the Piano Concerto. He gives a performance replete with the grace and rhythmic nuances that mark a great ballet conductor. The strings of the Suisse Romande Orchestra respond sensitively to his direction, but their tone is decidedly stringy. Added to this, although the recording has the usual Decca spaciousness, there is a slight fizz around the sound, caused or accentuated by prolonged passages of flutter. *Apollon Musagètes* is matched to *Renard*, a little chamber opera that Stravinsky wrote for the Princesse de Polignac's drawing-room. This farmyard fable is all quite gay, adroit and highly coloured, and Ansermet turns in a spick and span orchestral performance. Yet deliciously entertaining though the instrumental writing is I am not sure that the vocal line is sufficiently interesting to make good gramophone listening. But I dare say that the same objection could be brought against *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*.

Philips have issued a disc containing performances of *Les Noces* and the *Mass* by the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra conducted by Felix de Nobel. This is exactly the same pairing as that on a Vox record issued some two years ago. So far as *Les Noces* is concerned, I have no hesitation in declaring my preference for Vox. The Dutch performance is a stuffy, rhythmically slack affair, and, with one exception, the soloists are not agile enough to deal with some tricky vocal writing. The recording is rather muffled. When it comes to the *Mass*, however, the choice is less straightforward. In the Hosannah the Dutch singers' rhythmic sense is feeble, but they give a more liturgical quality to the opening of the Agnus Dei, as though they were aware of the Flemish antecedents of the work. The Vox performance is lively and efficient, but shows less insight into the music's style. In addition, the bright, immediate quality of the Vox recording, which is an asset in *Les Noces*, lacks the perspective given by the otherwise mediocre sound of the Philips disc. But if the Dutch *Mass* is slightly preferable, the Vox disc remains the better buy.

Vox have contrived to get no less than three substantial works on a single disc. None of the performances is outstanding, but for sheer quantity, the record remains remarkable value. Ivry Gitlis plays the Violin Concerto with brilliance and insight, although his tone is at moments a bit juicy for the music. Harold Byrns and the Colonne Orchestra provide a sound accompaniment, marred only by passages of defective balance. Gitlis is at his best in an accomplished account of the *Duo Concertante*. But I cannot recommend *Jeu de Cartes*, played by the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra. The strings are certainly suave, but the woodwind goes through some alarming moments, balance is often poor, the recording is here too reverberant in the bass and Hollreiser's conducting is sadly deficient in the zipp and gusto this delicious score calls for. Here, surely, is a piece for Ansermet's attentions. HMV have issued a *Soldier's Tale* which, complete with words as well as music, stretches over both sides of a 12-inch disc. In spite of the attraction of Mr. Helpmann's devil I would not be anxious to pay for the doubtful pleasure of hearing Mr. Terence Longdon's Kensington-cockney soldier articulating out of my loudspeaker. Surely the music is the point here, and that can be got on a single side—and incidentally more pungently played than it is here, by an accomplished group conducted by John Pritchard.

At long last, Bartok's six quartets, which together amount to one of the great musical achievements of this century, are available on three discs, and, what is more, in two competing sets. Choice between the Juillard series on Philips and the Vegh on Columbia is difficult because of the real merits of both. But as I worked my way through them my preference for the Vegh became increasingly strong, in spite of many passages where the Juillard excel.

There are, to my mind, two central points in favour of the Columbia set. In the first place, it is far better recorded. The second point in favour of the Vegh is an innate, instinctive understanding of the music. By this I don't of course mean to imply that instinct alone could get a quartet through music that is formally and technically so demanding as this. But, whereas the Juillard give a maturely considered performance that does not in moments of excitement entirely escape a certain eggheadedness, the Vegh seem to unloose the very physical presence of the music. In matters of dash, fire and rhythm, in the dramatic force and sheer brilliance of their playing, the Vegh are markedly superior, and their feeling for all that is specifically Hungarian and eastern European in the music is more immediate. Where the Juillard score is in more lyrical passages. Bartok is sparing of the marking *espressivo*, but it occurs repeatedly in the andante of the Fifth Quartet, and here the Juillard are more poetic. Similarly they find their way deeper into the elegiac sadness of the *mesto* in the Sixth Quartet.

Among other new Bartok recordings is a DGG disc on which Monique Haas plays the Third Piano Concerto with grace, sinuous strength and admirable rhythmic control. Fricsay's accompaniment with the Berlin RIAS Orchestra is beautifully done, except that the woodwind remains continually masked in a manner that recalls a bad performance of Brahms. It is backed by a good performance by Fricsay and the same orchestra of Kodály's cheerful *Háry Janós* suite. An otherwise excellent recording is a bit overweighted in the bass. Columbia have issued on a 10-inch disc a highly competent performance of the Sonata for Solo Violin by André Gertler, and the fine Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion is now available on a 10-inch DGG disc. Edith Axenfeld and Carl Seefeld catch all the subtle nuances of sound in Bartok's handling of this unusual combination; but there is some lack of incisiveness and force in their rhythms, and the recording, although spacious, is again a bit rotund for this hard music.

Finally, no lover of song will wish to be without an HMV EP of that remarkable soprano Florence Foster Jenkins. Her choice of music in this little recital ranges from Mozart to Russian song. To each item, and indeed to each note, she brings a strongly individual approach. Her laughing song from *Die Fledermaus* is recommended for the heavy hour after Christmas dinner. It is not often that an artist communicates on disc so intense a spirit of hilarity.

PETER HEYWORTH

From next January's issue *The London Magazine* will be published and distributed by Heinemann. The present, November, number includes an anthology of *Young English Poets*—fourteen pages of poems by nine writers—a last interview with Brecht, by Ronald Hayman, an episode from an unpublished novel by Colin Wilson, and a contribution by John Wain to the series, "A Writer's Prospect."

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Result of No. 1,392

Set by Harold Bishop

The usual prizes are offered for a shanty suitable for singing at the first drawing of the prizewinning Premium Bonds. Limit, 16 lines.

Report

A shanty is not a sea-song *about* something, as a surprising lot of competitors seemed to think; it is something sung while *doing* something. And the fact that in this case the action would presumably be setting the controls for Ernie (Electronic Random Number Indicator Equipment) seemed to offer the chance of a nice up-to-date mechanical shanty. The opportunity was taken by Leslie Johnson:

Come, press all the switches
That govern our riches,
And start up these wonderful works.
They function at random;
We don't understand 'em,
Their wizzes and rattles and jerks.

O Ernie, dear Ernie,
By volt and by ohm,
Speed my ship's journey
And bring her safe home.

But most of the rest, who had not progressed from the rolling drum and pretty-nurse-put-in-her-hand of the good old Irish Sweep days, went in for the hauling type of shanty. Rhoda Elliott was splendid in this line and wins three guineas; two guineas to Sylvia Clayton. Commended: Patrick Wilson ("Sing Goodbye to Savings, Goodbye to Pru"), P.M. ("A P.A.Y.E., or Pay, as you're Ernie" song), D. McRitchie, Apple Tree, J. R. Till, J. A. Lindon, J. B. W., and to J. E. Payne for his first two lines:

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HAVE-A-GO HAROLD

Draw me out lucky, the prices rise high:
If you don't draw my number, I'll certainly die.
Draw me out lucky, I want to be wed:
If you don't draw my number, instead I'll be dead.
Goodbye horses, goodbye dogs: P.B.s have my little bit of dough.
Goodbye pools and goodbye pubs: said Harold: "Would you like to have a go?"

Draw me out lucky, for my children need new shoes:
If you don't pay my number now, I'll not pay my dues.
Draw me out lucky now, or I'll have less than nothing.
If you don't draw my number, there'll be nothing for a coffin.
Goodbye horses, goodbye dogs: P.B.s have my little bit of dough.
Goodbye pools and goodbye pubs: said Harold: "Would you like to have a go?"

The draw's all over: let me drink the bitter cup.
They didn't draw my number and now my number's up.
Goodbye horses, goodbye dogs: P.B.s have my little bit of dough.
Goodbye pools and goodbye pubs: said Harold: "Would you like to have a go?"

RHODA ELLIOTT

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Menuet Antique: Pavane
Vlado Perlemuter, piano—Concerts Colonne Orchestra, Paris (Horenstein)
1-12in. record PL 9220

SCHUBERT
Sonata in E (Fünf Klavierstücke), D.459
Sonata in F minor for Pianoforte, D.625
Friedrich Wührer, piano
1-12in. record PL 9800

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Early in the morning.

Heigh-ho for Mac the banker,
Let's have no party rancour,
Whitehall for Crown and Anchor
Early in the morning.

SYLVIA CLAYTON

City Lights

That's Oil—That Was!

Share prices are still drifting downwards. Few people are selling, fewer buying: what should one buy at the moment? Wall Street, rattled by the Middle East and jittery about a further rise in interest rates, has been dropping steadily. Borrowers are rushing to the market while borrowing is still practicable, and new issues are being announced every day. The October trade returns have given the City a foretaste of what higher tanker rates can do to the terms of trade, and oil prices are rising; tramp freight rates have passed their Korean peak. An oil shortage, above all, is no longer only a remote possibility, and the mood of the City has changed from the stillness of tension to an irritable inactivity produced by the dragging slackness of events. The government has fallen back from swashbuckling into toothy ineffectuality. It has gone far enough to alienate America, not far enough to clear the Canal. Oil supplies have dropped by 40 per cent.; stocks are running down while events move forward with a ritual, retributive slowness. The government's rationing proposals have made uncomfortably clear what damage a prolongation of the muddle will inflict on industry. A maintained 10 per cent. cut in fuel oil supplies, even if it is not increased later, will hit the steel and metal-working industries sharply. A very large number of firms (particularly small ones) will suffer badly from the 20 per cent. reduction in supplies of gas/diesel oil. And the 50 per cent. cut in supplies to road transport could have a disastrous effect on production, however flexible the railways show themselves and however efficiently industry pools its vehicles. Output is going to drop, costs are going to soar unless somebody makes a quick start on clearing up the muddle. In the City, nails are being chewed, feet are being tapped.

* * *

High freight rates are not everything. Court Line, which runs tramps for its living, is negotiating with the Treasury for permission to form a subsidiary in Bermuda. Court Line's position is somewhat different from that of earlier emigrants. The company wants to own 100 per cent., or at least a majority, of the shares in its new subsidiary, and it may want to transfer ownership of some of its existing vessels. The Treasury is deliberately vague about its ideas of what qualifies a company for emigration: this case may make them a little clearer. The shipowners have recently presented to the government a scheme for helping them out of their replacement difficulties. The two main suggestions are a doubling of the investment allowance and the establishment of a building reserve, profits placed to which would be taxable only if used for purposes other than shipbuilding. The government will probably listen sympathetically enough when it has time. But shipowners are not the only would-be emigrants. The wanderlust which is coming over every company with an international business springs directly, as the chairman of Unilever recently pointed out, from the fact that taxation is much heavier in some countries than in others.

* * *

The Building Societies Association figures for the third quarter (based on a large sample of societies) are surprisingly good—withdrawals remaining high, but new deposits rising from £86m. to £97m. This is an odd result, since building societies were exposed to the full blast of National Savings competition in the third quarter, and did not generally increase their interest rates until October 1. It seems possible that most of the improvement was due to the Halifax (included in the Association's figures for the last time), which raised its rates at the beginning of August. Most of the new money, in any case, was put to reserve.' Mortgage advances dropped sharply to a level where they could be financed almost entirely from interest and repayments of old mortgages, and the new money was kept to push liquidity ratios to their highest level ever. It is understandable that the societies should be treading gently, but demand for mortgages, even at present interest rates, is greater than has ever previously been known. If the government really wants to encourage home-ownership and personal saving, it will have to help building societies out of the squeeze. The squeeze has some odd effects in any case. When building societies are short of money they raise their lending standards, and mortgages become difficult to get except on new and fairly new property. The squeeze, designed to discourage housebuilding, concentrates a greater proportion of demand on new houses.

* * *

Suez has upset B.P.'s bid for Trinidad Petroleum Development, made to replace an abortive U.S. offer. Half T.P.D.'s equity is owned by the liquidator of another company, who promptly accepted the proposal. The rest were offered cash and B.P. shares—shares which have fallen until the original 50s. offer is worth little more than 40s. Half have accepted.

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ARTHUR BARKER

The Chess Board

No. 367. Beware of the Obvious

It may well be commendable—as we saw last week—to prefer the soberly obvious line to some tempting hallucination of brilliancy. Yet, when contemplating the obvious move it usually pays to have second thoughts. Here (Teschner-Leepin, Basle 1952), White chose the all too obvious line (1) Kt-B6 ch, P x Kt; (2) B x P, only to realise that after . . . Kt-R1 he had nothing to show for the sacrified piece. Yet, his idea

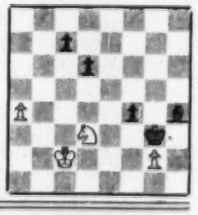
of making the kill via f6 was quite sound; and had he played the less obvious (1) B-B6, he could have countered . . . P-Kt3 by B-Kt5; or . . . Kt-R3 by B x KtP; or . . . R-K3 by (2) Q-Kt3, Kt-R3; (3) B-K7, etc. I have quoted this from a *Schach-Echo* analysis by Paul Schlensker, one of the few masters who likes to tell a story against himself. Here's the position. /1r3rk1 / 4qpp1 / p3kt2p / 1p5Q / 2p1P3 / 6R1 / PPB2PPP / 3R2K1. Anticipating his opponent's inability to resist the grab of the KRP Schlensker played (1) . . . KR-Q1, the idea being to counter (2) Q x RP by . . . R x R ch; (3) B x R, Q-Q3, attacking both g3 and d1. Obvious and good enough. But it would have been better (if less obvious) to precede . . . Q-Q3 by . . . R-Q1, thereby ensuring penetration of the 7th rank with decisive effect. In an ancient volume of the *Wiener Schachzeitung* I discovered a position equally significant for the dangers of playing the merely obvious; it occured in a skittle played at Vienna, 1904. 1r5k / p7 / 4R2K / 1r4R1 / 6p1 / 6P1 / 16. The sequel was (1) . . . R(1)-Kt3; (2) R(6) x R, R x R (at g5). Blissfully unaware of being on the brink of disaster Black merely thought of White's obvious R-check which he could cope with just as obviously by interposing his R. It was only when White played (3) R-Kt7 that Black recognised his doom. But for his RP, of course, he could have achieved a draw by stalemate or repetition. Finally, here is a position reached by Milic against Bagdanovic in the 1952 championship of Yugoslavia. /r1b2r1k / p1kt1Ktppp / q2Ktp3 / 16 / 4BQ2 / Pb3PPP / R3R1K1. White played the obvious Kt x P ch, and, after a while, won anyhow. By playing the not quite so obvious Q x P he could have forced the issue at once.

A: Onesciuc 1955

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White found a (not too obvious) way of saving himself. How? **B** (for 6 points) is a position frequently attributed to Pillsbury, but it was concocted years before he was born. It takes White 9 moves to force the draw very brilliantly. How? **C**—White to win—is a very pretty and instructive study, easy enough for 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by December 3.

B: Murray and McGregor 1851

C: V. & M. Platov 1912



REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 364. Set November 3

A: (1) Q-K8 ch, R(Q)-Q1; (2) Q-K4, etc.
B: (1) Q-K3!, P-B5; (2) Q-B2, P-Q; (3) K-B3!!, etc.
if (1) . . . K-Kt8; (2) Q x QP, P-Q; (3) Q-R2, mate.
C: (1) B-B6!, P x B; (2) P-R5, P-B6; (3) P-R6, B-Q4 ch; (4) K-Kt3, P-B5; (5) K-B4!, B-R8; (6) P-K3 ch, etc.
if (1) . . . K-K4; (2) B x P, K-Q3; (3) B-B5, etc.

Full marks for alternative solutions of **A**. Surprisingly many stumped by **C**. Only flawless solutions from D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, A. J. Roycroft. They share the prizes.

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AUSTIN, 1931, 16 h.p., gd. running condition, taxed, insured, comf., roomy. £55. MOU. 1644. Box 8676.

LAKE Como, May 1957: 4 part-furnished rooms villa Cernobbio offered permanently at 15s. per week. Tenant required to care for medium-sized garden. Write Mantegazza, Via Vanvitelli 1, Milan, Italy.

HANDWEAVING instruction & accommodation, 5 gns. weekly. Village in N. Ireland. Box 8579 or Ballywalter 216.

CHRISTMAS Peace Party. Dec. 22-29 in Intl. Peace Centre, Bückeburg, Germany. Celebrations, excursions, conferences. 4½gns. plus reduced fare. Partics. from Brocklehurst, 77 Brent Way, Finchley, N.3.

FOREIGN Languages an Asset, "Au pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated & willing, immediately avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 8806/KNI. 4132.

COUNTRY weekends in comfortable private house. Informal friendly atmosphere, excellent food. Mrs. B. Moss and Miss D. Rose, Strettitt Place, East Peckham, Tonbridge, Kent. Tel. E.P. 344.

BUSINESS partners required for luxury flat(let)s & social club. Pref. London. Ideas welcome. 833 Finchley Rd., N.W.11.

XMAS Party. Beatrice Webb Ho., Dorking. Organised following numerous requests. Min. charge £7 10s. (up to 4 days). Bookings from Manageress (£1 deposit). Abinger 403.

A.T.V.'s television programme "The 64,000 Question" is on a nation-wide search for men and women who have a remarkable knowledge of any subject other than the one they earn their living by. The 64,000 Question, A.T.V., Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the faith & practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of "Good Sight Without Glasses" may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London, Liverpool & Manchester. 72 Gloucester Pl., W.1. WEL. 4042.

IF you cannot afford a holiday, have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

PSYCHOLOGIST Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

ARGO L.P. records for Christmas—"A Festival of Lessons & Carols" (RG 39), "Under Milk Wood" (RG 21, 22). Price 39s. 7½d. each from your dealer or direct from Argo Record Co., 29, George St., W.1.

TAPE Recorders: Ring GULliver 2083 for free home demonstration.

"WHAT'LL You Have?" Sometimes an embarrassing question, but Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry is always definitely "U." You'll be excused for wanting another, it's the done thing!

PERSONAL—continued

CHRISTMAS/New Year Holidays. Our arrangements include Christmas/New Year parties in Switzerland & Austria, in Paris, the South of Spain & a variety of Houseparties in Britain. Full details of these & of our January Wintersports parties at reduced rates from Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911 or 9225.

ENJOY your winter sports to the full in France. French food, French gaiety, and superb modern equipment. Particularly advantageous terms offered for the coming season at Chamonix. Exhilarating ski-ing by day, a round of pleasure after dark. Details on request from your Travel Agent, or from the French Government Tourist Office, 178, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CHRISTMAS and New Year in Spain. Short sea route via Paris. 8 days house party, Costa Brava, 4 days Barcelona, £40 inclusive. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol. Winter sports. Party now being formed for February visit, 8 days 30gns. Absolutely inclusive—Air Travel, full board, skis, tuition. Hards, 28 Martineau St., Birmingham, 2. ('Phone Midland 7312.)

EARTH and Spirit: December 14-17 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; December 21, "French Week-end."

SKI with the Club Méditerranée of Paris. Combine the joys of ski-ing with the informality and gaiety of a French club. Travel Counsellors Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street, London, W.8. WES. 1517.

THE Children's Market, 29 Holland St., Kensington Church St., W.8. Good clothes for children are out-grewn long before they are out-worn. Come to our gay little shop where you can buy and sell children's clothes of every description for boys & girls up to 14 yrs. old. WES. 2676. We collect within 5-mile radius.

REGINALD Reynolds' new play for the toy theatre, Massacre of Penny Plain, 3s. 6d. Catalogue of theatres & plays: Benjamin Pollock, 44 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

NATIONAL Park Christmas Cards in delightful photogravure. 8 assorted, 3s. 6d. Ramblers, 48 Park Rd., N.W.1.

CHRISTMAS gifts of lasting value: Contemporary French Paintings, framed from 50 gns. Original Gouaches "Views of Venice" by Giacomo Guardi, from 120 gns. Drawings and Etchings from 5 gns. Original Hand-coloured Flower Prints (1818-1827) by Redouté, from 6 gns. Marlborough, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1.

A PERIOD map for Christmas. 21s. All counties of England (not Scotland or Wales). Available in beautiful coloured reproductions from John Speed's Maps of 1611. From your bookshop or post free 22s. 6d. from The Phœnix Gallery, 38 William IV Street, London, W.C.2.

VICKY Xmas Cards, 8d. each, 12 @ 5s. 9d., 50 @ 20s. All post free. Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

ABBATT Toyshop sells the right toys for the right age. Post orders also welcome; write for Xmas List. Dept. N. Paul & Marjorie Abbatt, 94 Wimpole St., W.1.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655 for details.

BRIDGE for Beginners; Refresher Courses. Expert tuition at moderate fees. 'Phone PRImrose 9363.

VACANCY for child, small registered Nursery. Res. Mon.-Fri. 57s. 6d. Happy family environment. Mrs. Sullivan, S.R.N., 111a Highbury New Park, N.5. CAN. 7025.

YOU can speak Italian in three months effortlessly with Setogni, or your fees refunded. 'Phone WEL. 1185 or RIC. 3286.

GRAMMAR School Entrance. A special home study course for parents wishing to help their children with this Examination. Write E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.51.P., London, W.4. (Assoc. with H.M.V.)

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a, Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

GUITAR lessons. Segovia meth. M. Eastwell, 43 Ormond Cl., W.C.1. CHA. 2677.

LONDON School of Bridge. 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

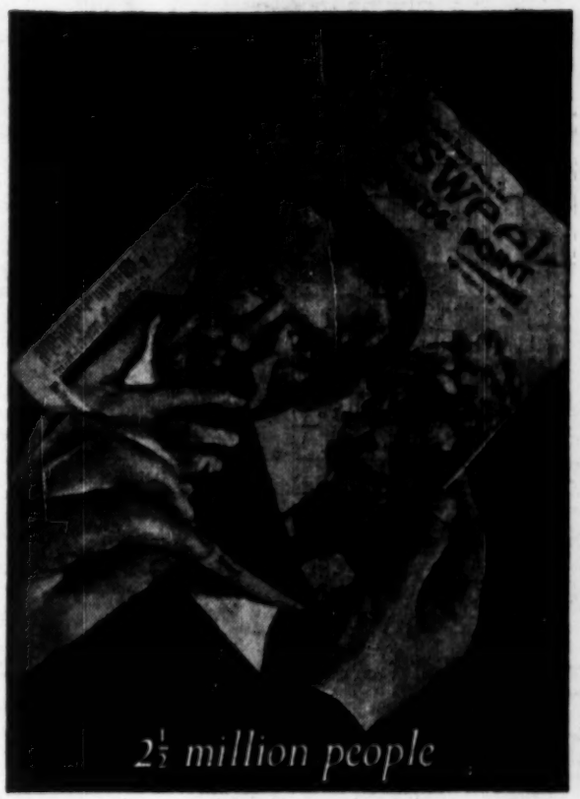
HOW to Write & Sell. Send today for free folder, "What's in it for you." The Writer, 124, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

TRAIN to be a Continental Courier. Stamp for details. H. & C. Couriers (C), 26 Mayfair Avenue, Bexleyheath, Kent.

KNOW-How means Writing Success for You. No Sale—No Fees Tuition. Free N.2. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

THE New Vince Man's Shop specialising in Italian-styled Leisure Wear is Now Open at 15 Newburgh St., Regent St., W.1. GER. 3730. London's finest show of Exclusive Sweaters, Shirts, Slim-line Slacks, etc. Call or send for illus. catalogue.

CORRECT speech; cultured accent. 6 priv. lessons, 3gns. Free trial. Box 8542.



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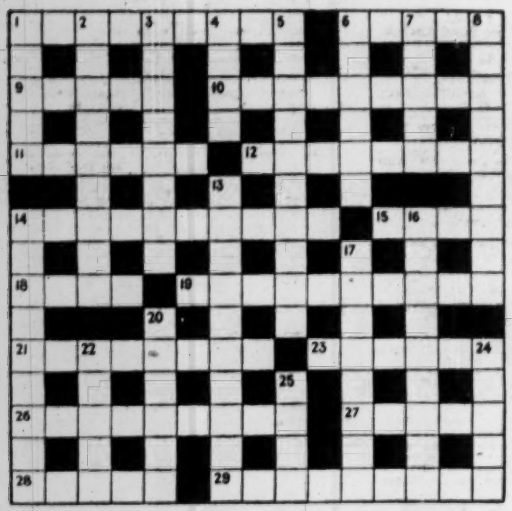
Morris House, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

Week-end Crossword No. 226

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 226, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Dec. 4.



ACROSS

1. Dramatist who puts some concession in front of a number in the pits (9).
6. Fish for an immoral woman short of work (5).
9. Give satisfaction at lunch-time (5).
10. What players may do with the veteran inside scoring (9).
11. Writer in our favour at first (6).
12. With south for north the technician would represent the confusion of energies (8).
14. I separate splitting up what is well worn in a few sections (10).
15. A friend's address is something worth having (4).
18. Certain winner backed for its legs (4).
19. There is room for research in socialist speeches (10).
21. Heavens, call back about the fire! (8).
23. "The morality of art consists in the perfect use of an imperfect —" (Wilde) (6).
26. The soldier makes the sailor get nearly all the drink (9).
27. Prescribes food for conferences (5).
28. Appointment in Coventry Street (5).
29. The devil is about to spoil one charitable person (9).

DOWN

1. Acute planner (5).
2. Preferment for those in favour? (9)
3. Love poetry like it is abroad (8).
4. Author the first to be sold? (4).
5. Lack of vigour of a state without women? (10).
6. This is justice, for they are ungrammatical (6).
7. Think of love and waste away (5).
8. The desire to recover periodically (9).
13. Ruses discovering precious stones under the layers (10).
14. Knock it around the saucy apprentice (9).
16. One concert in ten possibly is in the public eye (9).
17. The lad never scattered flowers (8).
20. Enthusiastic study in a branch of learning (6).
22. Ward off a musician (5).
24. Relatives for a film star (5).
25. "O'er night's —, day boils at last" (Browning) (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 224

M	O	U	S	T	A	C	H	E	S		P	U	F	F
A		S		I		E	Y				N		O	
T	R	E	E	M	A	L	L	O	W		S	P	A	R
T		S		E		E	T				R		E	
			A	M	B	A	S	S	A	D	O	R	S	
S		P		N		R			L		V		I	
T	R	E	A	D		A	N	S	W	E	R	I	N	G
A		R		T		N	U		X		D		M	
G	A	S	P	I	T	T	E	R		A	N	E	N	T
E		E		D			P		N		D		S	
C	O	P	P	E	R	F	I	E	L	D				
O		M				R		I		R		O		I
A	E	O	N		R	E	S	T	R	I	C	T	E	D
C		N				Y		E		N		I		E
H	E	E	P		W	A	R	D	R	E	S	S	E	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 224

J. H. Hobbs (*London, S.W. 20*), *Miss A. E. Johnston* (*Dublin*), *Miss Ruth Naar* (*New York*).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). The Nature Conservancy employs Assistant Experimental Officers and is concerned with ecological research. Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1956; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1956. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates aged 31 or over with specialised experience for Experimental Officer posts may be admitted. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University Degree Candidates taking their examinations in 1956 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London): Experimental Officer £925—£1,135 (men); £836—£1,015 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £365 (at age 18) to £805 (men), £715 (women). Starting pay up to £655 (men) or £627 (women) at 26 or over. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Opportunities for further education. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/56. Early application advised and in any case not later than December 31, 1956.

PERSONNEL Management—The Booker Group of Companies in British Guiana wish to appoint a deputy to their Georgetown Personnel Manager. This is an opportunity for the right man to make an important contribution to the Group's progressive economic and social policies in British Guiana. He must have held practical responsibility in management, and have had some experience in the personnel field. Candidates between the ages of 30 and 40 are preferred. The appointment is permanent, with a starting salary in the neighbourhood of £1,800 a year, depending on qualifications and experience, and there is an excellent Pension Scheme. Please apply in writing, giving full particulars, to Booker Bros., McConnell & Co., Ltd., 37-41 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3.

SOCIAL workers required early in 1957 as Temporary Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Possibility of permanent appointment later. Duties concerned with social work on connection with the school health service, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social science qualification desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £528 (at age 24)—£705. Application forms and details obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/2278), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by Dec. 5.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

METEOROLOGICAL Office, Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. Early application is advised. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office, (M.O.10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). They must have a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics. Salaries (London rates) £605—£1,055. Women's scales lower but being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,135—£1,345), and higher posts. Particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S52/56. (Met.) Early application advised and in any case not later than December 31, 1956.

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments covering a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, malacology, helminthology, acarology, mammalian taxonomy, taxonomic botany (monocotyledons), X-ray crystallography. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1956 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: (men) £1,135—£1,345; (women) £1,026—£1,240. Scientific Officers: (men) £605—£1,055; (women) £605—£962. Women's scales being improved under equal pay scheme. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/56 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/56 for Scientific Officers. Interview Board sits at intervals, as required. Early application advised and in any case not later than December 31, 1956.

APPLICATIONS invited for post of full-time Welfare Officer—female. Communications stating full particulars, experience, etc., should be addressed to Assistant Sec., Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. Television Service requires experienced designer with organising ability to take charge of Graphics and Effects Section. Applicants must be practising Graphics Designers of high standard with advertising agency experience. Work involved demands sound knowledge of type, layout and illustration in all its aspects, photography and processing, film animation techniques, optical and mechanical effects devices and visual aids. Salary £1,325 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,705 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.38 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within five days.

THE British Transport Commission invite applications for the post of Design Officer. The Commission have recently appointed a Panel to advise them on the æsthetic and amenity design of new equipment for British Railways and other parts of their undertaking; the Design Officer will be responsible for the administration of the Panel's work, including the appointment and co-ordination of professional industrial designers. The salary will depend on qualifications and experience, but will not be less than £1,900. Candidates should have proved ability in administration, preferably involving some form of design. They should possess a sound appreciation of industrial design and be familiar with recent developments in the design field. Professional qualifications in industrial design, architecture or engineering would be an advantage but are not essential. The selected candidate will join a contributory superannuation scheme. Applications giving full particulars to: Director of Establishment and Staff, British Transport Commission, 222 Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1 not later than Monday, December 10.

STAFF Training Officer.—National Coal Board, East Midlands Division, invite applications for a post in their No. 3 Area at Edwinstowe, Nr. Mansfield. The successful candidate will be concerned with the training and further education of staff and supervisory grades; he will also have some responsibility for educational courses for industrial personnel. The development of established schemes for management training will form an important part of the work. Applicants should have a good knowledge of the facilities provided by Local Education Authorities for those in industry. A good background knowledge of the coal industry, though not essential, would be an advantage. Salary according to qualifications and experience on an incremental scale of £940×£30 to £1,200. The post is superannuable. Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, should be sent within ten days to Area Staff Manager, Natl. Coal Board, E. Midlands Division, No. 3 Area, Edwinstowe, Notts.

LONDON County Council requires three qualified and experienced temporary Child Welfare Officers for intensive case work with problem families to avert reception into care and to effect early family reunion and rehabilitation children already in care. Candidates should have Family Service Unit (or equivalent) training and experience. Salary £599 5s rising to £775 10s. Application forms from Children's Officer (CH/E1/2136), County Hall, S.E.1, to be returned by December 15, 1956.

MARKET Research. Expanding organisation needs assistants for analyses of survey results. The work is varied and calls for an intelligent grasp of figures rather than experience in this field. Training salary £350-£400 p.a. Box 8696.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COVENTRY Education Community Youth Service. Applications invited for appointment as Assistant Youth Officer (Woman). Candidates should have had experience of work amongst young people and in Adult Education and possession of Degree, Teaching Certificate, Social Science Diploma or other appropriate Youth Service qualification desirable. Salary Scale, Soulbury (Youth Service Officers) Grade II £860×£20—£1,020 per annum plus equal pay increment. Appln. forms and further partics. from Director of Educ., New Council Offices, Coventry.

NEWCASTLE-Upon-Tyne Hospital Management Committee. Newcastle General Hospital (838 beds). A new Professorial Department of Psychological Medicine (54 beds) was opened on November 5. The department has been especially designed as an early treatment and observation centre. It will work in conjunction with the department of Psychological Medicine, King's College, Medical School, University of Durham, and participate in its teaching and research. In addition a new Child Guidance Clinic will be opened early in 1957, and will form part of the Professorial Unit. Psychiatric Social workers will be required for both units. Salary: £495×£15—£510×£20—£550×£25—£750. Applications with full particulars of general enquiries concerning these posts should be sent to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 4.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Psychiatric Social Worker (full-time) reqd. at Ealing Child Guidance Centre. Must hold M.H. Cert. (LSE) or approved equiv. Prescribed conditions. P.T.A. Salary. Application forms (stamped, add. env.) from Borough Educ. Officer, 26 Castlebar Rd., Ealing, W.5—returnable by Dec. 1. (Quote U.35 N.S.N.) Canvassing disqualifies.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council. Children's Visitor Applications are invited for appointment as Children's Visitor on the staff of the Children's Officer. Candidates should possess a Social Science Certificate, the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or other similar qualifications. Experience in boarding-out, family case-work, Court Procedure and adoptions will be an advantage. Ability to drive a car desirable. The salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. Grade I of the National Scale of Salaries, i.e., £530 per annum rising by annual increments of £20 to £610 per annum. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Acts, 1937 to 1953, to the Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services, as adopted by the County Council, to two months' notice on either side, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications which should be endorsed "Children's Visitor," stating age, present and previous appointments, qualifications and experience, and the names of three referees, to be delivered to the Children's Officer, 12, City Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1, not later than November 30, 1956.

APPLICATIONS invited for position of Head of Economic and Research Department which international workers' organisation intends to establish early in New Year. One other language in addition to English essential. Starting salary including c.o.l. allowance £16 7s. p.w. Write Miners' International Federation, 10 Blackfriars Rd., S.E.1.

RESEARCH Worker (preferably German-Jewish background) with some knowledge of pre-Hitler conditions in Germany wanted for historical & other research work. Box 8565.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for the post of Junior Research Officer to work on the field of social differentiation and selection for the Sociological Research Unit. Salary within the scale £550-£800 per annum. Applications, with full particulars of qualifications and experience, together with the names of two referees, should be submitted before December 7 to the Chairman, Sociological Research Unit, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., W.C.2.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind. Young sighted assistant resident master, preferably single, required in January, 1957 (if possible) for interesting and unusual post in recently established Centre for Blind Adolescents 16-18 years (recognised by the Ministry of Education) near Reigate, Surrey. Applicants must be active and versatile and have had experience with adolescents, not necessarily blind, and have general interest in and experience of Further Education, out-of school and Youth Club activities, and need not necessarily be trained teachers. Special interest in one or more of the following is desirable: Music, Drama, Gardening, Poultry-keeping, Light Crafts, and Hobbies. Salary according to qualifications, training and experience. Superannuation. Applications (no Forms) to Secretary-General (Ref. EO), 224/8 Great Portland Street, W.1, within 14 days of appearance of advertisement.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Cttee. Non-nursing Matron reqd. at Hurtwood School, Peaslake, Nr. Guildford, Surrey (for junior deaf children). Salary £360-£405 p.a., plus residential accommodation valued at £220 in return for supervisory duties. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Chief Education Officer (GP/EB), 10 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.1, returnable immediately (Quote T.987 NS). Canvassing disqualifies.

SURREY County Council. Applications are invited from married couples for the joint appointment of Warden and Matron to a Working Boys' Hostel situated in Woking accommodating 20 boys. The man must have had experience of adolescent boys, and his wife in housekeeping for numbers. Salaries: Warden £490×£15—£550 p.a.; Matron £370×£15—£430 p.a.; less £113 p.a. for each in respect of full residential emoluments. Application forms and fuller details upon receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope from Children's Officer (H/JHP/300), County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

EXPERIENCED Social Worker (part-time) required for pioneer work amongst educationally subnormal children in North East London. Particulars from: Secretary, Elfrida Rathbone Cttee., 20 Crompton Terrace, N.1.

WORKERS' Educational Association—West Midland District. Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Organising Tutor in South Staffordshire. Salary £550-£900. Superannuation scheme. Details and application forms (stamped addressed envelope) from the District Secretary, W.E.A. Office, 19 Calthorpe Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15.

LONDON secretarial college requires tutor for shorthand. Book-keeping an advantage. Qualifics.: Technical efficiency, wide educational background & exp., ability interest intell. students. Hrs. 10-4. Box 8634.

ADDITIONAL workers are required by Family Service Units for the extension of its intensive family casework service for "problem families." Resident and non-resident. Men and women. Resident salary scale £250-£25-£500 plus full board and residence. Children's allowances. Special training provided. Apply in writing to the Secretary, 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Living-out Staff wanted for next term. Full-time Junior teacher, £330 a year, part-time Mod. Langs. teacher, £165, Secretary £330. Only Progressives, please.

SMALL country boarding school requires teacher able to take Maths. & History to G.C.E. (O) level, also some general subjects. Some practical knowledge of farming or gardening essential. South West. Box 8572.

BIRMINGHAM Borough Labour Party require an Organiser to work under the direction of the Borough Party Secretary. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms from J. H. Nash, 25a Paradise St., Birmingham, 1, to be returned not later than Dec. 31, 1956.

GIRLS' Club Leader required for girls' section of twin club. Excellent conditions. Salary £472, less residence (full board). Could live out if desired. Apply in writing, giving experience and/or training to the Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.

REQUIRED: Organiser for Citizens' Advice Bureau in East London. Experience essential, Social Science Diploma an advantage. Salary £300 p.a. Apply in writing with two references to Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, 4, Cumberland Road, E.13.

REQD. early Jan. for internatl. office, shorthand-typist. Know. of German. Labour Party membership desirable. Box 8603.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau. 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham, Wilts. Clerk/Shorthand-Typist required to act as Bursar's Secretary, vacant on January 1, 1957. Salary at the appropriate point on the Higher General Division Scale, according to qualifications and experience. Residence could be provided. Application forms and further particulars from the Principal, Jared E. Dixon, Town Clerk, Guildhall, Bath.

FEMALE required for straightforward clerical work. Age immaterial but interest in crafts an advantage. Pleasant job. Hours and remuneration by arrangement. Apply: Dryad Handicrafts, 22 Bloomsbury St., W.C.1.

EFFICIENT Secretary, preferably graduate, required by Editor of biological Journal at University of Birmingham. Editorial experience helpful, but not essential. Attractive salary for suitable candidate. Apply in writing, with full particulars, to the Editor, Journal of Endocrinology, Dept. of Anatomy, Medical School, Birmingham, 15.

INTELLIGENT young typist required for Antique Dealers, 1 minute Oxford Circus. 9.30-5.30. No Sats.! £6! Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean Street, W.1. (GER. 9911.)

BRITISH Film Institute reqs. shorthand-typist in Editorial Dept. Interesting work; good typing speeds essen. Apply: Secretary, B.F.I., 164 Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

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SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist for Architects' office London, W.1. Interesting work with responsibility. Age over 25. Minimum salary £8 10s. No Sats. Box 8695.

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CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2., 69 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

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WOMAN, domestic science trained & experienced, seeks warden's post or similar. Intd. internat. & social work. Box 8682.

OFFERS of non-routine employment welcomed by bachelor, 33, pub. schl., ex-navy. Must be good organiser, patient, for now in 9th year social work (children). Main interests: writing & dogs. Box 8411.

YOUNGISH mother reas. well educated not wishing disintegrate into domesticity seeks interesting part-time occupation. Literary/research work for author? Box 8663.

SEC./Receptionist, 35, expd. medical, dental & other, sks. post, Lond. Box 8681.

YOUNG woman graduate, thirties, just returned overseas, seeks work. Exp. research, editing, proof-reading, shorthand-typing, administration. Box 8528.

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BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

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COUPLE with baby urg. req. accom. London area. Wife ex-Health Visitor, willing assist housework and baby-sitting. Anything considered. Box 8689.

LADY Civil Servant reqs. unfurn./part-furn. flat. No f. & f. Box 8237.

BUS. Director, wife, schl. daughter, req. furn. flat. Ring L. A. B., GER. 9050.

2 or 3 English lady teachers require furnished flat. Ring L. A. B., GER. 9050.

WORKING-class builder/decorator, wife, no children, requires furnished flat.—Ring L. A. B., GER. 9050.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ALL good books bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps./journals. Van calls. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

LABOUR Discussion Forum: First contributions in November Labour Monthly. Also: Blackpool Balance-sheet (R.P.D.); Nationalise Now! (Joan Maynard, J.P., C.C.); Eye-Witness at Peking (R. Page Arnot); A New Trend in Films (John Alexander); Unpublished Letters from Jenny Marx. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

EUROPE'S most-arrested editors excite "France Observateur's" readers weekly, featuring Bevan, Nenni, Claude Bourdet. £2 12s. a yr., £1 8s. 6 mnths., 15s. 3 mnths., from Andrew Roth, 34 Sonnali Rd., N.W.2.

SUEZ Crisis! Manifesto of the Socialist Party of Gt. Britain. Write for free copy. 52 Clapham High Street, S.W.4.

"THE Human Hand—the Living Symbol" by Noel Jaquin. The author explains processes by which one can acquire directional control of latent mental faculties. A book to read—and keep, a book it will pay you to study. Pub. by Rockliff (21s. net, 22s. by post) or ask your bookshop for a copy.

LATEST publications on U.S.S.R. in Russian and English. S.C.R. Library open to non-members as well as S.C.R. members. Mon./Wed./Fri. 1-7 p.m. Tues./Thurs. 1-6 p.m. Society for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R., 14 Kensington Square, London, W.8. (WEStern 1571-4).

SOCIALIST Labour Party. Read "Socialism & State." 8d. 116 Cox St., Coventry.

"YOUR England." 52 pictures anti-subtopian comment. "Admirable, important" (Sphere). 1s. 8d. from 40 William IV St., W.C.2.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

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DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924

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CHRISTMAS in the country, with good fare, warmth, comfort, pleasant companionship. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford. (Hatfield Heath 263.)

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MADRID. Modern furnished flat, central heating, 5 rooms, sleeps 5 to 6, including services maid, accustomed to English cooking, to let any period mid-Dec. to Feb. Refs. given & reqd. Payment in U.K. or Spain. £15 wkly. Box 8656, or CUN. 3934.

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APPLES, compost-grown without sprays or fertilizers. Wrapped, in 40lb boxes, delivered. Newton Wonder (good quality) and Bramley 5d. per lb plus carriage 3s. 6d. 7s., 8s. 6d. per box for 100, 200, 400 miles Cambridge. Baker, Button End, Harston, Cambs.

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NOTICE the difference it makes to your meals when you add Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

ENTERTAINMENTS

LABOUR Party "Help Hungary" Fund. London Labour Party Women's Advisory Committee Bring & Buy Sale, Mon. Nov. 26, 2.30-7.30, Bishop Partridge Hall, Church House, S.W.1. Goods & customers wanted at Hall. Opened by Morgan Phillips at 2.30. It is hoped Anna Kethly will be present.

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Commencing Tues., Nov. 27, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Shaw. Tues.-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 & 8.30.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Pl., N.1. Tavistock Rep. Ring Round the Moon, by Anouilh/Fry. 7.30, Fri., Nov. 23, Sat. 24. (Last 2 perfs.) 9-6 p.m. CAN. 3475; 6-9 p.m. CAN. 5111.

ARTS, TEM. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Bald Prima Donna" & "The New Tenant." Mems. only.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "World on Edge." A Living Newspaper. Fri. Sat. Sn. 7.45 Mem.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Fri., Nov. 30, 8 p.m. Drama: International Theatre, Italian Section presents 2 comedies (in Italian). For admission, enquire GLA. 2692 Sunday between 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

ROYAL Festival Hall (Recital Room), following Continental success, N.L.T.G. present Richard Morris in a reading of "Hamlet." Sun., Dec. 2, 7.45. 2s. 6d., 7s. 6d.

ASIAN Music Circle. Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin. Classical & Folk Dances of India by Dancers and Musicians of the Ram Gopal Company. Sun., Dec. 2, 7.30, at St. Pancras Town Hall, N.W.1. Inf, re. Membership, etc., from Sec., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. (FIN. 2934.)

OPERA Circle, Sun., Nov. 25, 8 p.m. 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. "La Sonnambula," Bellini. Intro. Tom Hammond, with members Sadler's Wells Opera Co. Jan. 13, "Jenufa" by Janacek with members Covent Garden cast. Partics. from Hon. Sec. 'Phone WES. 7513.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Indefinitely: Premiere of Sergei Samsonov's film of Chekhov's "The Grasshopper" (La Cigale) (A). In Agfacolour. "Time Out of War." (U)

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat. Dec. 1, 3 p.m. "Wild America" color film of Amer. wild life with James Fisher. 7s. 6d. & 10s.

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Nov. 25 for 7 days. Laurence Olivier. Wuthering Heights (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 24. Members and Associates only. Uomini Sul Fondo (S.O.S. Submarine). Dir. Francesco de Robertis. 3, 6.15, 8.30.

LEWISHAM Film Society. RAV. 2461. Unitarian Hall, next Central Library, Nov. 24, 7.15. "Native Son" (Argentina) and Jennings' "Fires Were Started." Guests 3s.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs. every Tuesday and Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat., Nov. 24, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Members 3s. Guests 5s.

CENT. London Fabian Society Dance, Dec. 1, 8-11.30. Artworkers' Guild Hall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. Kingsway Tube. Adm. 3s. 6d. Refreshments available.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Wed., Nov. 28, at 5.45. Peter Hurford—Organ Recital. Works by Bach, Daquin, Howells, Jongen, Franck. Tkts. 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agts.

BLOCH Concerto Symphonique at Royal Festival Hall (1st performance there and first in London since 1949) on Nov. 26 at 8. Edna Iles with Bournemouth Symphony Orch. & Charles Groves. Prog. includes Beethoven Sym. 7 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. Hall (WAT. 3191) Mgt. N. Choveaux.

ENGLISH Chamber Music of the 17th century played by The English Consort of Viols, also Violins and Harpsichord. Wigmore Hall, Mon., Nov. 26, at 7.30. Tkts. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WEL. 2141) & Agents. Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1.

GRAMOPHONE Recital of Janacek's Opera "Jenufa" shortly to receive its first performance at Covent Garden. Introduced by Malcolm Rayment. British-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1, 6.45 p.m., Sunday, November 25. Admission free. Refreshments.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Jazz: Recital scheduled for Monday, November 26, has been cancelled.

EXHIBITIONS

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions XI: Paintings by Hogarth, Stubbs, Degas, Pissarro, Modigliani, Braque, Picasso, etc. Daily 9.30-6. Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

FOYLES Gallery. Paintings of Sicily by Lily Spandorf. Until December 1, 9-6 daily (inc. Sats.).

CHRISTMAS Exhibition of Fine Crafts at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16/17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W.1, until December 21. Monday to Friday 10-5, Saturday 10-12.30. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproductions on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Framed or unframed they are Christmas presents for everyone. Illustrated Catalogue 1s. 6d.

MODERN Italian Art from the Estorick Collection. Arts Council Exhib. Tate Gall. Open till Dec. 19. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tu., Thurs., 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by Max Ernst. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until December 15. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

ORIGINAL Coloured Prints by Contemporary Artists make ideal Xmas presents, from Walker's Gall., 118 New Bond St.

16th and 17th Century Theatre Design in Paris. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Paintings by Brian Robb. Oct. 31 until Nov. 24.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jewish Artists in England, 1656-1956. A Tercentenary Exhibition. Week-days 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Christoforou; Paul Millichip. 11-6.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl. W.1. Sculptures & Drawings, Raymond Mason. Pntgs., Michael Fussell. 10-5.30. St. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Giacomo Manzù—Sculpture & Drawings. Until Dec. 7. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters, 19th & 20th Centuries. Important works for sale—Boudin, Cézanne, Corot, Courbet, Fantin, Monet, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Picasso Himself, original paintings, photographs, documents and souvenirs. Monday to Friday 10-6, Wednesday 10-8, Saturday 10-4. Closed Sundays. Adm. 2s. Members free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Ceramic Figures by Audrey Blackman. Pottery by John Eaves. Dly. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Jean Commere. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Ave., John Livesey, Nov. 18-Dec. 30.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal People. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

CONTEMPORARY Jewish Artists' Exhibition. Zion House, 57 Eton Ave., N.W.3. Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3 p.m. Official Opening. Patron & Exhibitor: Sir Jacob Epstein, K.B.E. Exhib. open week-days: 5 p.m.-10 p.m. (ex. Fris.). Sun. 11 a.m.-10 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONTEMPORARY Jewish Artists Exhibition, Zion House, 57 Eton Ave., N.W.3. Lectures in conjunction with the University of London (Extra-Mural Dept.) at 8 p.m., fee 2s. per lecture. Sunday, Nov. 25, opening address by Dr. Helen Rosenau. "The Problem of Jewish Art." Thurs., Nov. 29, "Some Aspects of Humanism in Modern Art," Joseph Herman.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, 6 p.m. Dec. 1. Film: "Are We All Murderers?"

S.C.R. Education Section. Annual Gen. Meeting postponed till further notice.

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thursday, Nov. 29, 6.30. "Man as an Entity." Sun. at 5 at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society. Special public meeting, Caxton Hall, S.W.1, Wed., Nov. 28, 6.30: "Stations of Mindfulness," Ven. Vijjavaddho Bhikkhu. Read "The Middle Way," quarterly 2s. 9d. post free. Inf. 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. TAT. 1313.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MARRIAGE & Divorce Law Reform: Lord Meston, Jos. Reeves, M.P., Peter Benenson, Robert S. W. Pollard, Mrs. Eirene White, M.P., Nov. 23, 8 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Marriage Law Reform Soc. & Divorce Law Reform Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8.

NATIONAL Paul Robeson Conference. Sunday, Dec. 2, Free Trade Hall, Manchester. Chairman: W. Griffiths, M.P. Delegates & visitors welc. Apply F. Loesser, Gen. Sec., N.P.R.C., 8 Cliff Cres., Salford 7.

BRITISH-ASIAN and Overseas Socialist Fellowship. London Branch Coffee Hour—Thursday, Nov. 29, 7.30, India Club, 41 Craven St. (by Charing X). Speaker: John Strachey on his recent visit to India. Adm. incl. light refrs., 1s. 6d. All welc.

"CONWAY Discussions," Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library. Tu., Nov. 27, at 7.15 p.m. Harold J. Blackham, B.A., "Humanism and Atheism." Adm. free. Collection.

SPLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Nov. 25. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "Some Aspects of the American Scene." Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11 (PARk 7696). Fri., Nov. 23, 8 p.m. L. A. Fenn, M.Sc., "Science in Soviet Union." Fri., Nov. 30, 8 p.m. Recital: Marija Pijukovitch (contralto), Dika Ranciga) (piano), D. Trboevitch (piano). Sat., Dec. 1, 3 p.m.-7 p.m., 46 Ladbroke Grove, W.11. Christmas Bazaar (sale of Russian and other books; pictures; miscellaneous articles, Russian buffet).

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thurs., Nov. 29, 8.15 p.m. Art: Jerome Mellquist: "Is Teamwork in the Arts Possible?" Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

LECTURE on Groddeck by Oscar Kollerström. Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1, 8.30 p.m. Monday, Nov. 26. The Fourfold Individuum. Collection.

RICHARD III. Talk by Col. A. H. Burne, D.S.O. "Bosworth Field," Dec. 5, Seymour Hall, 8 p.m. Apply for details of the Fellowship of the White Boar to Hon. Sec., 29 Eaton Terrace, S.W.1. Tel. SLO. 5916.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri. Nov. 30, 8.30. Dr. A. L. Basham: "The Little Clay Cart." 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Off Leinster Tce.

CENT. Lond. Fabian Soc., Wed., Nov. 28, 7.30. "The International Situation." Discussion Mtg. 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

S.C.R. Discussion on British & Soviet Writing (Mankowitz & West) adv. for Nov. 27 now postponed till further notice.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue between J. B. Coates and Bruce Wavell on "Bertrand Russell and the Logical Analysts," Conway Hall, Thurs. Nov. 29, 7.30.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, November 25, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: "Can We Afford Equality?"

"BRITISH North Greenland Expedition 1952-1954." An illustrated talk by Dr. H. E. Lewis 7.30 p.m., Sun. Nov. 25 at 57 Eton Ave. N.W.3. 1s. 6d. Hyphen Grp.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ARTS Week-end, Dec. 28-30 Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sx., arranged by Progressive League. Lectures, films, music, poetry, painting, ballroom and country dancing. Friendly holiday atmosphere. Fees: Members £2 17s. 6d, non-Members £3 2s. 6d. Apply Booking Secretary, White Cottage, Burton Hole Lane, N.W.7. Tel.: Mill Hill 3725.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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LECTURE, COURSES, ETC.—continued

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1 (Holborn 8471)

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1925. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Para Garden Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1